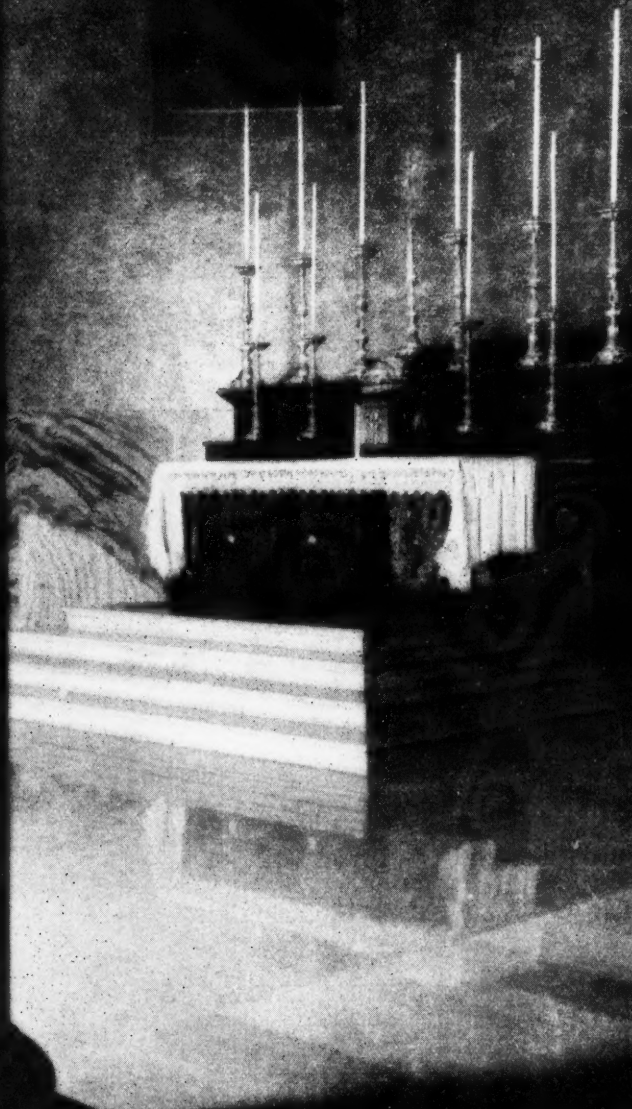


THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



WHERE THE MARYKNOLL GENERAL WAS CONSECRATED

VOL - XXVII
NUMBER - 8

THE ALTAR OF PROPAGANDA COLLEGE CHAPEL, ROME

SEPTEMBER
1933

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Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

CONTENTS

Children of Sancier.....	231
Chills and Thrills.....	233
A Matter of Education....	234
Overseas Maryknolls.....	236
The Sisters' Page.....	241
Editorials	242
Dickens in China.....	244
Home Knoll Notes.....	248
His Only Miracle (Story)...	250
With Maryknoll Juniors...	253

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in The Catholic Periodical Index, to be found in public libraries.

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

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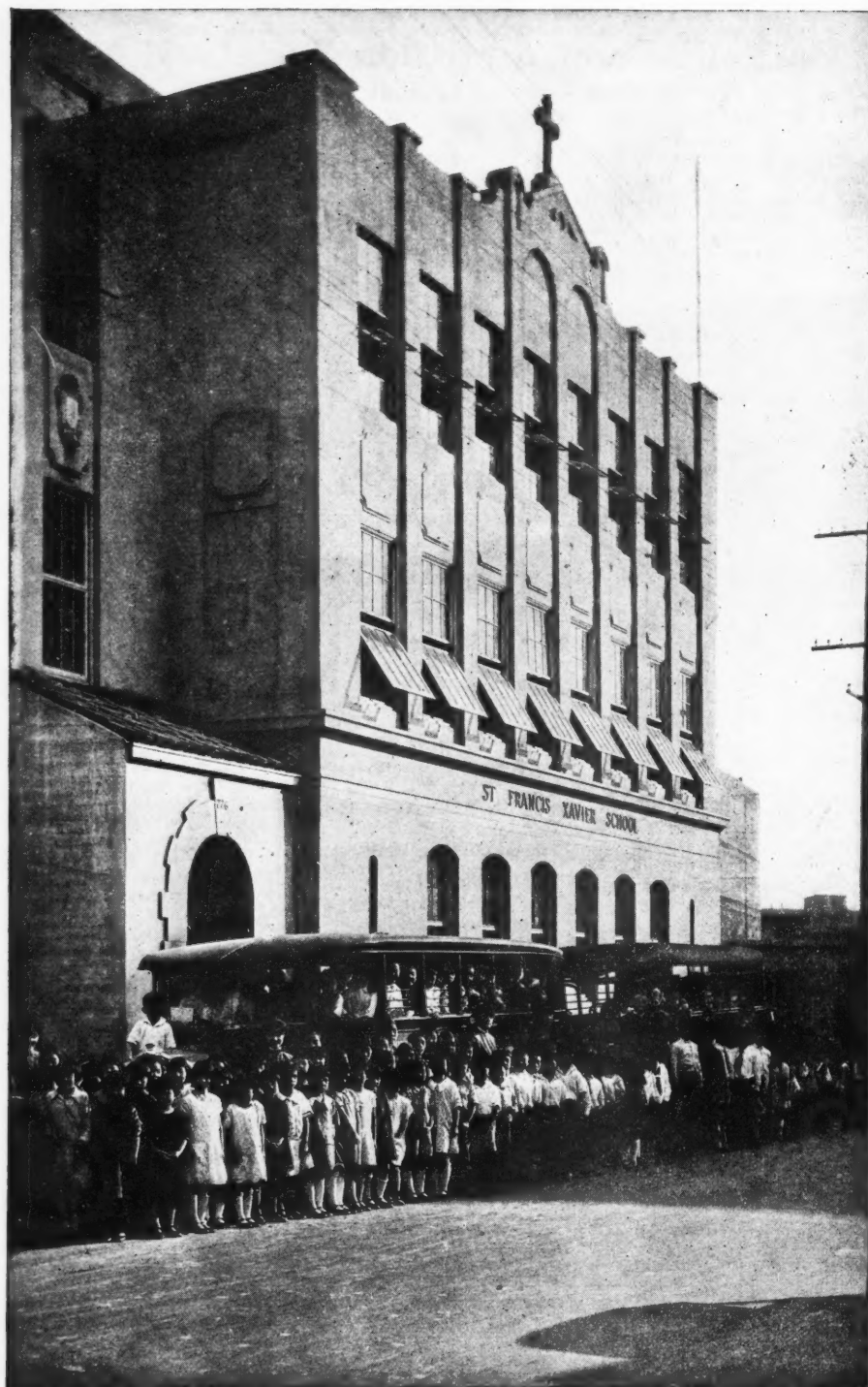
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Where East Meets West

Graduates of the Maryknoll St. Francis Xavier School for Japanese in Los Angeles, which has over three hundred pupils, have made an enviable record in public high schools of the city



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1933



Children of Sancian

By Fr. Joseph P. McGinn, M.M., of Philadelphia, Pa., Maryknoll missionary in South China



SEPTEMBER on Sancian! Days of strong, cheering sunlight, nights of silvery moonlight, the glowing phosphorescence of an ever-restless sea.

Three hundred and eighty years ago St. Francis Xavier as he walked along the beach, an emaciated figure with glowing, dark eyes, looked upon the same scenes. Imagination, aided by the few testimonies we have, can readily visualize his goings and comings, and can conjecture the thoughts that surged in his brain and the fiery warmth of the heart of him who had so well carried out in so many lands the parting injunction of his Father in Christ: "Go, set all on fire!"

But it is with a confidence based on more certain foundation than imagination that we can assert one fact—during that far-off September Francis must have lived much with the children. For always and everywhere, in Governor's palace or in thatched hut of the half-

savage native, he loved children and children loved him.

Did the Apostle of the Orient breathe some lasting blessing upon the children of Sancian before his soul went home to God from this lovely little sea-girt isle? One is tempted to think so this mellow September month, the heats and storms of a tropic summer behind. One is inclined to think so, too, when one joins the ragged, care-free group of boys and girls frolicking in the old mission boat. "T'in Chue Po Yau, Shan-foo (God bless you, Father)", they chorus, as they spy my cassocked figure approaching.

"What is your holy name?" I ask of a bright eyed ten year old.

"Mary, Father", she smilingly responds, stepping back, forward,

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and sideways in the peculiar motion that gives a cradle-like roll to little brother swaddled on her back. "Hush! Hush!" she caresses him with words for a moment, and again turns upon me a shy, mischievous countenance. "Father is very fat. He will sink the boat!"

The "boatmen" call me coaxingly: "Come in, Father."

"Too big, boys. No can do," I answer regretfully.

Truly some aura of Francis' innocent gaiety surrounds these children of Sancian. They possess an attractiveness which most surely does not come from their ill-nourished, poorly-clad bodies. Nowhere else have I found children possessing this quality to such a degree. None have so readily found a way to my heart. Their world is this islet, barren and rocky; few indeed among them have crossed the familiar sea to the mainland. Untutored in mind, frail in body, having nothing, yet they possess all—the innocent gaiety of Xavier, which but mirrored the love of Jesus in his heart.

THIS IS CHRIST'S WORLD, AND HE WANTS THE WHOLE OF IT.



THE RECENTLY RENOVATED MEMORIAL SHRINE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AT SANCIAN ISLAND. THE CHAPEL MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE APOSTLE OF THE ORIENT WAS FIRST BURIED

Below the chapel, jutting out into the ocean, is the concrete pier constructed by Fr. Cairns. Faint outlines of the mainland of China can be seen in the background, though the hills are fifteen miles away

Sancian's Pastor Writes to Readers of *The Field Afar*

SANCIAN, the little island off the coast of South China whence God called to himself the ardent soul of St. Francis Xavier, and which is now part of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate, has for centuries been described as a "bare and barren isle".

In the natural order of things this is a misnomer. Idyllic little

Sancian is ringed with a circlet of gorgeous bays that teem with fish, and it is dotted with peaks of a sparkling verdure. In the spiritual order, however, the description is most apt. Of the island's five thousand inhabitants, fifteen hundred indeed have been baptized; but, of those fifteen hundred, only thirty make their Easter duty. Meanwhile missionaries have expended their best efforts on the place during fifty years.

Mission work on the "birthplace



THE GRAVE OF SANCIAN'S FIRST CATHOLIC

The body of Sancian's first convert to the Faith lies buried on a hillside behind the mission church and is often visited by the Chinese

of the Catholic religion in China" is puzzling. Sancian's present pastor, Maryknoll's Fr. Robert J. Cairns, formerly of Worcester, Mass., and before that of Bonnie Scotland, believes that the answer to the puzzle is *prayer*. He writes as follows to enlist in the Crusade for the conversion of Sancian those faithful friends of Maryknoll who have made possible its work for God and souls, the readers of *THE FIELD AFAR*:

Dear *FIELD AFAR* Reader:

I write to beg your personal prayers for the conversion of Sancian, for I am convinced that prayer will convert everyone on the Island.

In times past many have been baptized at Sancian, but most of them are not now practicing Catholics. Why? We don't know. It is God's way of doing things. It may be that we are unworthy. More than likely, we do not pray enough. A recent Maryknoll bulletin says: "Infinitely better is the Spirit of Christ without human efficiency than efficiency without the Spirit of Christ." We need both for Sancian.

It is my personal opinion that the people of Sancian, despite their faults, are inherently good. They are certainly very respectful to the priest. They can be converted, but we must begin at the right end, by prayer.

Archbishop Salotti, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, wrote to Maryknoll's Bishop James Edward Walsh, who as Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon is Shepherd of the Sancian flock: "I heard gladly about the buildings you were able to repair at Sancian Island, since that island, while precious to every Christian, is more especially so to this Sacred Congregation, which considers it the birthplace of the Catholic religion in China."

I certainly will appreciate your spiritual co-operation in our attempts to make this Sacred Isle entirely Catholic.

Your co-worker in Christ,

ROBERT J. CAIRNS
Pastor of Sancian,



WHAT CAN I OFFER TO GOD IN RETURN FOR



CHILLS AND THRILLS



Fr. Raymond P. Quinn, M.M., of Monterey Park, Calif., is introduced to one of South China's gentle (sic) horses



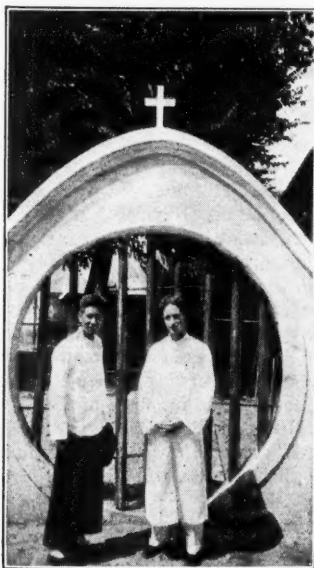
He had walked three-quarters of the long, hard road from Kaying. Even though it was after midday, we had made remarkably good time; and at the moment we were resting on the rough benches of a wayside tea shop, chatting with the proprietor and sipping his fragrant brew. Suddenly my companion noted a group of men and horses coming over the next rise. It was with a certain apprehension that we watched them approach. In these dangerous times strangers are suspected till proved innocent.

On closer inspection we were relieved to find that they were Christians who had come out to meet us. They led two of the mildest horses in the Tsaoliang Prefecture. In my short mission career I had not yet mounted a Chinese horse, so I looked forward eagerly to the five mile ride to the Siaolok mission. Little did I suspect the experiences that were before me.

A Gentle (?) Horse—

First, I was warned to be careful when mounting the animal assigned to me. "This horse is gentle," they said, "but watch out that he doesn't kick you." Taking no chances, I got on him with one leap, and he promptly tore down the road at a jolting gait that had to be felt to be appreciated. He went much too fast for a trot, and I hardly think it could be called a dead run. My arms and legs,

already weary from the long trek, felt as if they were going to fall off at every step. The rest of me shook like a bowl of jello, and my diaphragm contracted and expand-



RESTORED TO NORMAL, FR. QUINN CHATS AT SIAOLOK'S MOON-GATE WITH FR. LONGINUS CHAI, ONE OF TWO CHINESE PRIESTS ORDAINED LAST YEAR FOR MSGR. FORD'S MARYKNOLL KAYING MISSION OF SOUTH CHINA

ed so fast that I soon had a side-ache. But this was only the introduction.

A half mile down the road, the animal balked. Then he turned around and started to take me back to the tea shop. When I managed to straighten out our lit-

tle misunderstanding on this matter, he bolted off the road, and pranced up the side of a hill among a lot of gravestones.

There was danger that the steed would stumble with me on the steep hillside and fall on some Mandarin's memorial, which would mean a broken leg at the time, and possibly a summons to court later.

The Hero is Cheered—

Only a hazy memory remains of the rest of the trip. Dobbin seems to have alternately balked and bolted till we came in sight of the mission. When at long last I dismounted at Siaolok and staggered down the alleyway between two rows of cheering Christians, while the firecrackers burst in welcome overhead, I felt like a hero of the battle of Bull Run.

The long white Chinese gown I wore was a sorry sight. Frs. Downs and Hilbert, cool, clean, and smiling, waiting in the Moon-Gate to greet me, looked like creatures from another planet.

Restored to Normal—

After a visit to the chapel, and a prayer of thanksgiving for my safe deliverance from the many perils of the journey, we repaired to the mission. There, over a glass of sarsaparilla on the porch, the two Fathers assured me that their first rides had been equally, if not more, distressing. I expected to be on crutches for at least a week afterward; but, strange to say, after a few hours' rest I once more felt my old self.

THE GIFT OF FAITH WHICH HE HAS GRANTED ME?



A MATTER OF EDUCATION

By Fr. Thomas V. Kiernan, M.M., of Cortland, N. Y., missionary in the Maryknoll Wuchow field of South China



CHINESE civilization was hoary with age when our own European ancestors were barbarians. Her greatest philosophers, Confucius and the pseudo-Lao Tzu, flourished five hundred years before the golden era of the Roman Em-

pire. They preceded by generations Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, the Greek sages, as well as the Egyptian Euclid, father of geometry.

Education at that early date was enshrined in the social life and politics of China. We laud the civilizations of the past and the peoples who created them—Egypt, Persia, Judea, Greece, Rome, and Central America—each bore its own particular brand. What remains of them today? True, those of Africa, Asia, and Europe have contributed to

the common culture of the West; but their empires have perished, their literature and their monuments are fragmentary, and their peoples have been assimilated with numberless hordes.

Not so with China, for she proudly traces her ancestry far back of any Western written record. Conquered and reconquered by outside peoples, nevertheless she has eventually succeeded either in assimilating or in destroying them.

A Matter of Education—

She developed independently of the West, and when Western empires crashed and were consumed by succeeding waves of civilization, China rode the storms. Today her peculiar type of culture is struggling with that of the West, and she appears to be defeated, to be casting off the traditions of the ancients for those of the West. Will this new learning of the "foreign devil" accomplish what ages have failed to produce? Or, will China, as in the

past, assimilate her conqueror while remaining fundamentally Oriental?

Essentially, the conflict seems to be a matter of education. Hence, we may well cast our eyes over the educational advantages of China's past, and note those of the present.

The Center of the Universe—

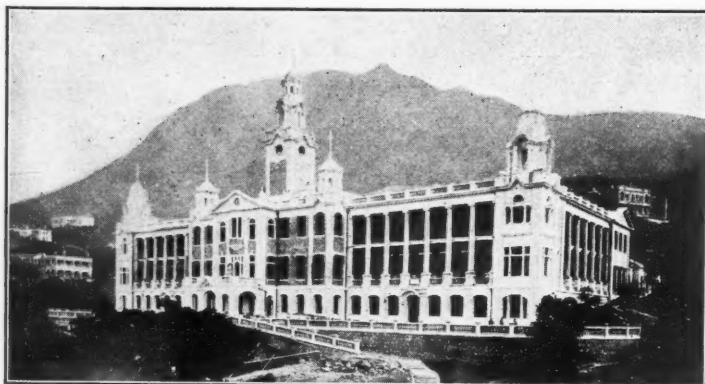
From time immemorial Chinese education consisted of two kinds: one for the teachers and rulers, and the other for the military commanders. The first type was real mental conquest; the other consisted mostly of a rudimentary acquaintance with the lore of China, and a special training in what is now called physical culture and military tactics. Since this latter is hardly education at all, we will pass it by. China's fate has been decreed by the education of her scholars and politicians.

Since China considered herself the center of the universe and the originator of all things worth while, it is not surprising that little knowledge of the outside world ever filtered into her consciousness. Outsiders were to her ever—and are even perhaps to her today—barbarians.

Conquered though she was many times by the despised outsiders, the Tartars, the Mongols, and the Manchus, she never ceased to loathe them. What she assimilated from them she made typically Chinese, and then forgot the source. It was the despised Mongol emperors that welcomed John of Montecorvino and the early Franciscans. True, the native Ming Dynasty engaged the Jesuit missionaries in Peking to reform the calendar and to introduce European sciences; but this never became a national movement, for the Manchus not long after ruled the Empire. Hence, Chinese learning consisted in preserving the past, with but little attempt to improve upon it.

Examination Halls—

The methods were simple, and at times terrible. The children who were fortunate enough to attend the schools were forced to memorize page after page of the classics, whose meaning was not explained to them. It was only after years of this sort of mental slavery that they acquired the ability to understand the meaning of what they



THE GOVERNMENT UNIVERSITY AT HONG KONG

IN RETURN FOR THE FAITH WHICH WE HAVE RECEIVED, LET

studied. There were certain classical forms for poetry and others for prose compositions, to which all must strive to conform. This again was mostly a matter of memory.

Final scholastic recognition consisted in the famous examinations. Those successful obtained the scholar's diploma, which opened the path to scholastic and political preferment. It rendered the student and his family famous. As a general rule these examinations were conducted in accord with strict justice. Some favoritism or corruption did exist, but was frowned upon when known. Certain large cities were designated as examination centers, and there the famous examination halls were erected. Not many of these are extant, as the examination system was abolished after the reformation of the educational system subsequent to the Boxer Uprising.

The candidates were locked in compartments with the bare necessities for writing, and strictly guarded. The requirements were very severe. Many a boy—for girls did not receive an education as a rule—committed suicide in his cubicle when failure became apparent. Glory awaited the successful candidates, while the failures had to try again and again. Many gave up, but some persisted until old age, in order to attain the coveted diploma. There are stories told of grandfathers receiving the diploma at the same time that their grandsons were so honored. Sometimes diplomas were actually bought from the official in charge by incompetent students; but when and if this became known the bought diploma was of little value.

A Nobility of Scholars—

The successful scholars, the teachers, the government officials, and even the pupils striving for recognition formed a distinct class—the only nobility that the Chinese recognized. The respect for the scholar still exists. I have seen old men maintain a respectful silence while some young half-formed high-school student expounded his opinions, just because the lad had some education and they very little, if any.

Woe to the movement that incurred the wrath of the scholars. One of the strongest forms of opposition that the early Christian missionaries met was

HIMSELF AND HIS NEIGHBORS

A typical American missionary and his mission field—the enthralling stories of both may be purchased at a special price this month. See the back cover.

that of the native *litterati*. In many a case they succeeded in wiping out prosperous mission foundations. When they published decrees, as they often did, the rest of the people respected their wishes and feared their vengeance. Why did they oppose Christianity? It was



CONFUCIUS, CHINA'S GREAT SAGE
The "Middle Kingdom's" most renowned philosophers, Confucius and the pseudo-Lao Tzu, flourished five hundred years before the golden era of the Roman Empire

foreign to China, and it was not in accord with the teachings of the ancients. They wanted none of it.

Reforms in Education—

From 1800 on, China came more and more into contact with foreign countries. Disastrous wars with England, France, and Japan brought the Manchu regime to its last days a century later.

If you wish to push one of our Burses over the top, we can supply you with a convenient means. Send for sample Burse cards.

Reforms in government, and especially in education, which were sponsored by the young Emperor and his friends, were wiped out by the coup d'état of the Empress Dowager and the lovers of the old methods. The Boxer Uprising and the resulting interference of the Powers to restore order brought the whole situation to a climax. The Revolution of 1911 under Dr. Sun Yat Sen ousted the Empire and the Republic took its place, at least nominally. The education reforms that were forced on China after the Boxer troubles became widespread under the Republic.

Up to 1905 the greater part of modern education in China was made possible by the mission schools, notably those of the Protestant missions. There was a veritable exodus of students to America and Europe, who brought back with them the ideas of the West. These graduates of the mission schools and the "returned students" are now the bulwark of China's progress.

Up to the present the courses offered in the purely governmental schools have not reached the high criterion of the better mission schools. The amount of free education offered by the government varies in different places, but nowhere is it considerable. Most government schools have fees attached. Still, remarkable progress has been made in the past twenty years, when one considers the difficulties that have been apparent. Had China peace within her confines, within one generation the illiteracy would be noticeably reduced.

A Prophecy—

Will China emerge thoroughly westernized from the conflict between her own age-old civilization and modern Western culture, or will she merely adopt a certain amount of Western lore? A prophecy is hazardous, but we are inclined to think that at last "East and West will meet" and will blend into one common civilization—at least in China—the good of the old supplying what is wanting to the new. Never has China met such a formidable antagonist as she now has in Western learning; and yet our prophecy is not without the suspicion that modernity in China will have its typical and essential dress.

MESSAGES

FROM THE
ORIENT

FATHER THOMAS KIERNAN
GIVES A BRIEF SUMMARY OF
RECENT PROGRESS IN THE
MARYKNOLL WUCHOW SECTOR
Pingnam—

(Wuchow Mission)



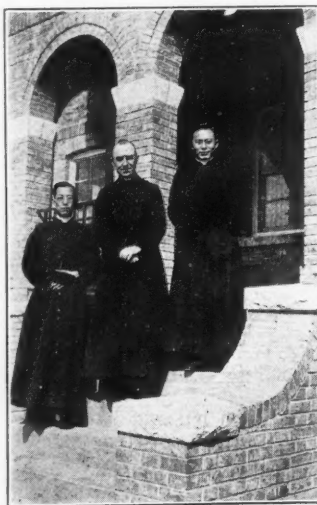
THANKS to the zealous efforts of Fr. Leo Jones, of Dowagiac, Mich., and his able helpers, *Walam*, a mission which had lain fallow for decades due to lack of priests, had over ninety converts during the past year.

At *Topong*, a mission of mountains and mountaineers, Fr. Arthur Dempsey, of Peckskill, N. Y., reports around fifty converts. He has constructed a women's catechumenate and two schools, despite constant opposition from pagans. His patience and courage in the face of difficulties have softened the hearts of many who formerly were disposed to block the spread of the Faith. Fr. Dempsey lives alone, and has a trip of over twenty miles for his weekly confession.

Fr. MacRae, of Wakefield, Mass., has already built a chapel, a school, and a women's catechumenate at *Taiwaan*, a new station, while living himself in a small native mud house.

Three large catechumenates have been completed in the *Pingnam* mission, which netted one hundred and twenty-five Baptisms during the past year. Last Christmas the joys of the Feast were enhanced by the announcement that some seven or eight villages, with nearly a thousand inhabitants in all, had enrolled as catechumens. Pingnam has a number of candidates for the preparatory seminary. Unfortunately, the Wuchow Mission has so far not been able to establish its own preparatory seminary. Bishop Walsh of the

Kongmoon Vicariate has graciously taken care of thirty-five boys from this Mission in his preparatory seminary, but now the crowded condition of the Kongmoon Seminary makes it impossible for him to receive many more.



CO-WORKERS AT THE MARYKNOLL PENG YANG RECTORY, KOREA

In the large city of Peng Yang Maryknoll's Fr. Joseph W. Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass., is ably assisted by two native priests, Fr. Kang (on the left) and Fr. Ryang. These young Korean priests are preparing material for a Catholic periodical in Korea

Unless some relief appears, promising vocations will have to be put off, and perhaps lost.

The *Jungyun* mission this year houses the Language School for fledgling missionaries of the Wuchow and Kongmoon fields. The School is under the able direction of Fr. William Mulcahy, of Framingham, Mass., who is also pastor of *Jungyun*. In spite of his work in the Language School, Fr. Mulcahy has been able to make contacts with a view to possible conversions.

At *Wuchow*, the see city of the Mission, often called the "City of No Conversions", it has at last been possible to purchase a substantial but small house, which serves both as the local mission and the general procure of the Center Mission.

In *Kweilin City*, the former provincial capital and until recently a part of the French missionaries' Nanning Vicariate, two Maryknollers—Fr. Romanello, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Fr. Lacroix, of Newton, Mass.—are breaking ground. Kweilin, known as the beauty spot of South China, has a Catholic history dating back to the last Emperor of the Ming Dynasty in the seventeenth century.

Not far from *Pinglo*, also in the Kweilin district, is a thriving Catholic community numbering several hundred old Catholics, the fruit of the toil of the French missionaries, which is now being ministered to by Maryknoll's Fr. Joseph Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass. Conditions at *Pinglo* are strongly promising.

The Kweilin addition to the Wuchow Mission also contains about three hundred Catholics of the Yau tribe, who are of aboriginal stock. These Yaus, held in the same relation to the Chinese local government as the American Indians at home, have retained their own language and customs through the centuries. They live in an almost inaccessible

sible mountain fastness, and it takes several days of climbing to reach them. There is a small mission compound in their midst, fifty miles distant from the nearest market town. While living conditions will be very hard for a resident foreign missionary among these Yaus, the prospects of work to be accomplished there for Christ well outweigh them.

BISHOP WALSH OF SOUTH CHINA HAS A WORD TO SAY ABOUT INEFFECTUALITY

Kongmoon—

(Kongmoon Vicariate)

AMONG classic pictures of ineffectuality there was the boat officer on the West River (South China). At his post on the unprotected bridge he found himself a target for bandits' bullets, whereupon he instinctively turned up his coat collar.

A close second is the man who is going to help the missions sometime in future years. He has his gesture, also. "If you ever need anything over there, just let me know." Missioners learn to dread this formula. They much prefer five dollars in the hand to the shirt off your back in that vague future that never comes.

If you want to help them personally, it may be all right to postpone it until they get to Purgatory; but, if you want to help their work, the time is now.

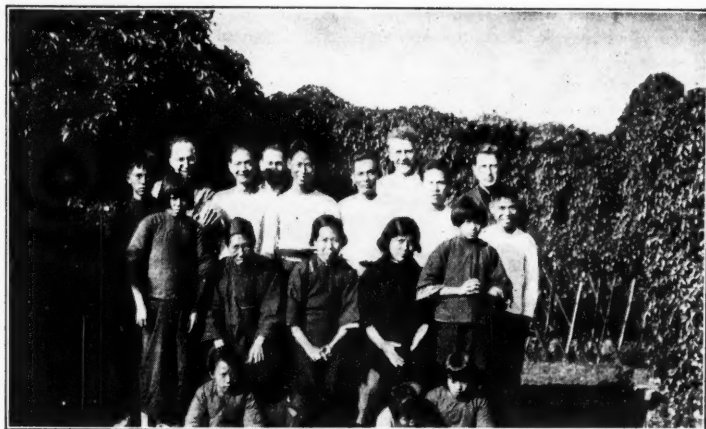
FATHER STEPHEN HANNON EXPERIENCES A CHANGE IN THE SPIRITUAL ATMOSPHERE OF UN YANG SI

Hiken—

(Korean Mission)

IN Un Yang Si, out on the Yellow Sea Coast, there has been an exceptional development. Three years ago the occasion of my first visit to this town was a sick call. It was a bitterly cold winter's morning, twelve below zero, with a sharp gale blowing in from the sea. I was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and, while hiking along the frozen roads, tried to keep mindful of His Presence and forget the cold by humming Eucharistic hymns. Several times the cold so numbed my body that I thought I would lose consciousness, and had to huddle up against the chimney of some wayside shack.

After what seemed an unending journey I reached my destination—only to



MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS AND A GROUP OF CHRISTIANS AT THE NEWLY FOUNDED JUNGYUN MISSION IN THE WUCHOW FIELD OF SOUTH CHINA

This year the Language School for fledgling missionaries of South China is at Jungyun. Its teacher is Fr. William P. Mulcahy, of Framingham, Mass. (in the background, second from the right). He is also the pastor of the mission

find that the poor old lady to whom I was bringing the Sacraments had died.

It was saddening to know that the passing of this old woman left the entire district without a Catholic. I felt disheartened and physically miserable. The soles of my feet were a mass of blisters from the long hike, and my chest throbbed with pain. A horse was secured from a nearby village and hours

after sundown I reached Hiken, so weak and stiff from the cold that I had to be lifted from the saddle. "So to bed," where I stayed for a week with a bad case of the grippe.

During the illness, and long after, Un Yang Si filled my mind. At the time the prospects of spreading the Faith there were anything but encouraging. The outlook was colored by the



SOME OF THE LITTLE ONES CARED FOR IN THE MARYKNOLL ORPHAN-AGE AT YEUNGKONG, SOUTH CHINA

Sr. M. Beatrice Meyer, of Davenport, Iowa, Superior of the Yeungkong Convent, stands on the right, while Sr. M. Rose Leifels, of Schenectady, N. Y., a "wizzard" at the Chinese language, studies the tiny face of a recently rescued waif

BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

bleakness of that wintry visit.

Two years passed. Early this spring an opportunity to make a start at Un Yang Si presented itself. Two catechists were set to work there, with a little mud hut as a meeting place. It was noised about that the padre knew something about "yak" (medicine), and on my visits there were always a dozen or more sick people brought to me, for whom I did what I could. On one of these occasions an old lady begged me to heal her son, who had been struck on the head by a drunkard. The young man recovered, the news of his healing spread about town, and from then on our catechists were made welcome to many homes. The young man and all his family have since come into the Church.

The number of catechumens increased so rapidly that the original meeting place could not hold half of them. Providentially at this time the wherewithal for building a chapel was sent by a lady in Boston. Now over thirty have been baptized, and almost two hundred are under instruction.

What a change there is in the spiritual atmosphere of Un Yang Si! A chapel stands in the midst of the village, with the cross on the bell tower raised in benediction over the straw-roofed huts; the Angelus sounds through the countryside; and every morning and evening the new Christians meet for prayer and instruction. Scores of youngsters now greet me in the street with the regular Christian salutation—*Chan Mee Yaysoo! Praised be Jesus!* The future of Un Yang Si is bright indeed, and there are great possibilities in neighboring villages.

Winter is now past,

The flowers appear in our land.

**MONSIGNOR LANE REVIEWS
THE PAST YEAR'S MISSION
RESULTS IN WAR-TORN
MANCHURIA**

Fushun—

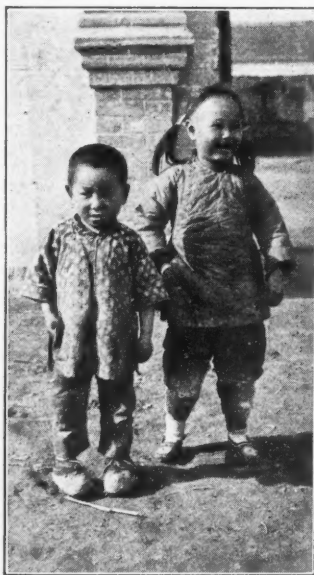
(Manchurian Mission)

THE past year was a period of much unrest in the Manchu Maryknoll. Communications with the more remote missions were extremely difficult. The people were upset, and many of the missionaries found it impossible to make their regular visitation. However, conditions gave our priests an opportunity

to exemplify Christian charity in many ways, particularly by means of the mission dispensaries. We are able to say that the Church has come out of the first period of difficulty with a good name, and the results are now beginning to manifest themselves.

At the present writing, the Fushun Prefecture Apostolic has some 3,000 catechumens enrolled. The pity of it is that we lack the personnel and funds necessary to make the best of these heaven sent opportunities.

Our mission field now has thirteen



FR. ALONSO ESCALANTE, A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER WHO HAILS FROM MEXICO AND IS NOW PASTOR OF SOULS AT SIN PIN, MANCHURIA, SENDS THIS ATTRACTIVE GLIMPSE OF TWO YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE ADOPTED THE MISSION COMPOUND AS A PLAYGROUND

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YOUR WILL**

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Incorporated.**

**Foreign Mission Sisters of
St. Dominic, Incorporated.**

Give both to your lawyer.

MOST HAPPINESS RESULTS

separate stations with resident priests. We have lost through illness the precious services of four missionaries during the past year, but we feel that God will send us blessings in return for the trial. Our ways are not God's ways, and there is no progress except through pain.

Linkiang has been during recent months the most promising sector of our field. Father Geselbracht, of Chicago, Ill.—who was an officer in the United States Army before he trained for the missions at Maryknoll—opened up four Red Cross stations in the district, which he maintained throughout the past year, taking care of all who came for medical help.

Father Geselbracht's charitable activities have brought us more than 2,000 catechumens. He now has over twelve stations with catechists, and we hope for a number of baptisms in the Linkiang sector.



**IN
BRIEF**

THE following anecdote is one of the many flashes of kindly humor which add human interest to the life story of the saintly co-founder of Maryknoll, the Rev. Thomas Frederick Price, of Wilmington, N. C.:

Father Price related of himself that he had been instructed in the Seminary always to give his best in sermons or talks without considering the size of his audience, and he observed the admonition carefully.

On a certain occasion he was strongly tempted to abbreviate his discourse, as his audience consisted of two old women. To make matters worse, one of the pair fell asleep during his talk, but he kept on bravely because the other one was giving him her undivided attention.

When he had finished Father Price discovered that the attentive one was stone deaf.

Maryknoll congratulates the

Brothers of the Christian Schools of the New York Province on the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of La Salle Military Academy, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

Graduates of this Academy in every walk of life are today bringing honor to their Alma Mater and to the Church.

The Fathers of the Sacred Hearts, at Fairhaven, Mass., announce the projected publication in English of the only complete life of Father Damien of Molokai, *Father Damien, Apostle of the Lepers*, by Vital Jourdan, S.S.CC. This most authentic and gripping life of the Hero of Molokai ever written has been crowned by the French Academy.

The Fathers of the Sacred Hearts will start with the work of translation and publication as soon as they can find the necessary funds to bring the undertaking to a successful issue.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has assigned to the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word, the headquarters of which are at Techny, Ill., the Catholic University of Peking.

The American Province of the Divine Word Society will have the task of launching an organization in the United States which will properly care for the maintenance and development of the institution, regarded by the Holy See as one of the principal establishments of the Catholic Church in Asia.

The University, founded by American Benedictines, now possesses an enrollment of over one thousand students, and a staff of sixteen American, six European, and fifty Chinese professors. Its property is valued at a million dollars gold.

To priests as a rule we are in debt for a steady supply of Mass intentions, which until now has met our needs. Each Maryknoll priest offers his Mass on Fridays (habitually) for our subscribers



THE FACULTY AND TWENTY-EIGHT NATIVE NOVICES AT THE MARYKNOLL NOVITIATE IN FUSHUN, MANCHURIA
The Maryknoll Sisters are, beginning at the left, Sr. Veronica Marie Carney, of Somerville, Mass.; Sr. M. Eunice Tolan, of Boston, Mass.; Sr. M. Gloria Wagner, of Baltimore, Md.; and Sr. M. de Lellis McKenna, of Lexington, Ky. Note, on either side of the Maryknoll Sisters, the two Chinese nuns

and benefactors, leaving three hundred days free for other intentions, including some of his own.

Priests executing wills and otherwise in a position to favor Maryknoll have done so to our great advantage.



MSGR. RAYMOND A. LANE, OF LAWRENCE, MASS., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF MARYKNOLL-IN-MANCHURIA. FR. JOHN C. MURRETT, OF BUFFALO, N. Y., AND JAPANESE CATHOLICS OF THE FUSHUN MISSION
Fr. Murrett, formerly Director of the Maryknoll Mission for Japanese in Seattle, is greatly encouraged by the results of his work among Japanese in Manchuria

FROM GIVING, NOT RECEIVING.



"A Phenomenal Run"

The Japanese children of the Maryknoll St. Francis Xavier School in Los Angeles present a Holy Year Play.



DESIRING to commemorate this Holy Year in a special manner, we, the Japanese children of the Maryknoll School in Los Angeles, presented during the latter part of April a Passion Play entitled, *The Little Family Across the Road*. For a juvenile cast we had what the Broadway producers would term, "a phenomenal run", playing as we did to a full house for three days. The play, which lasted nearly three hours, took our audiences in retrospect from Nazareth, when Christ was a little child, to Bethany, after His Resurrection.

We worked very hard in order to make our play a success, and

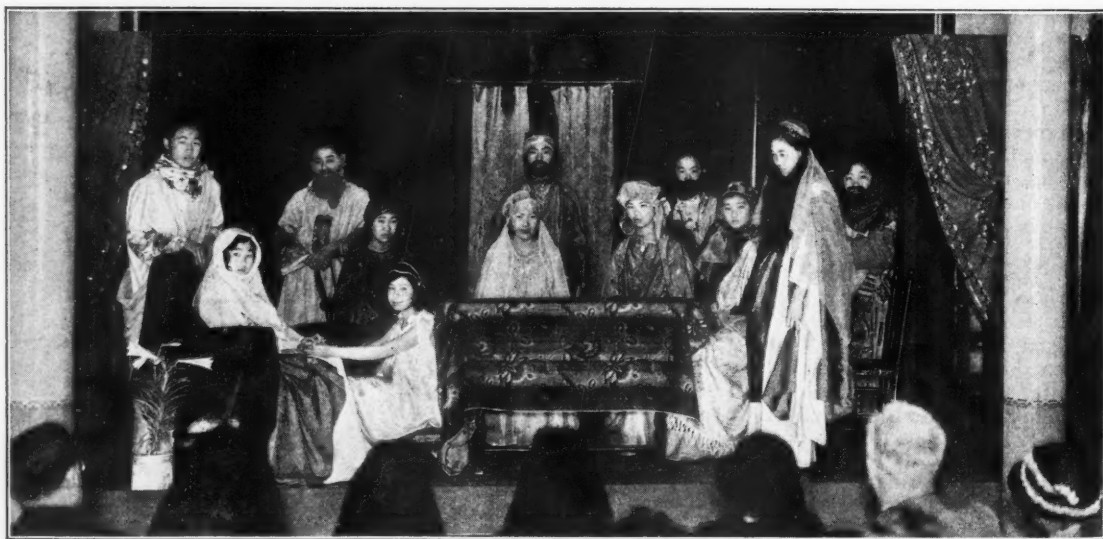
felt well repaid for our efforts upon hearing the compliments everyone paid us. Many people exclaimed over our ability to portray "grown-up" parts so successfully. Others marveled at what they called "our beautiful English". However, if they had to labor as hard as we did over our English pronunciation and elocution, they would cease to wonder at our speaking as we did.

The Maryknoll School Choir provided the musical accompaniment, and the choristers also received many compliments. One of their selections was a Hebrew song, which caused some of our Jewish friends to cry.

Letters of congratulation on the success of the play are still being

received—the latest coming all the way from San Francisco. We have had several offers to produce our play in the downtown theaters of Los Angeles, and even in Hollywood; perhaps next year we shall take advantage of them.

Although we are happy to have our efforts crowned with such success, we have tried hard to resist all thoughts of pride. During our weeks of rehearsal we had asked our Blessed Mother to help us make our play a success, as it was to be given in her Son's honor, and now we know that it was she, our own dear Mother Mary, who aided us to portray as truthfully as we could the scenes she lived through so long ago at Nazareth and Calvary.



THE YOUNG JAPANESE ACTORS OF THE MARYKNOLL ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL HAVE HAD OFFERS TO PRODUCE "THE LITTLE FAMILY ACROSS THE ROAD" IN THE DOWNTOWN THEATERS OF LOS ANGELES, AND EVEN IN HOLLYWOOD

DOLLARS PERISH, BUT

Maryknoll Sisters Leave For The Orient



On the Eve of Corpus Christi the eagerly awaited mission assignments were given at the Motherhouse of our Maryknoll Sisters.

There was the usual breathless suspense, punctuated, as the names of the privileged ones were read, by subdued *oh's!* and *ah's!* of joy and surprise. And then all were happy, some in the wonderful fulfillment of the hopes of months and years, others in the joy which had come to their Sisters.

The majority of the Sisters' mission assignments were this year to Manchuria, where Monsignor Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., the Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Fushun Mission field, counts much on the development of the Sisters' activities. At Fushun the Novitiate for native Sisters is recording gratifying progress under the direction of Maryknoll nuns; while in the large port city of Dairen the Maryknoll Sisters have successfully launched an Academy for children of many nationalities—among whom are numerous White Russians and Jews—and a kindergarten for the smaller tots. Monsignor Lane now desires to establish the Sisters in interior missions of the Prefecture.

Some among the Sisters destined for South China will be pioneers in the Maryknoll Kaying Prefecture Apostolic. A convent, built by Maryknoll's Monsignor Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Kaying Prefect Apostolic, has been awaiting for several years our Sisters in this corner of South China; but the Reds have been active in this sector and the coming of the Sisters had to be postponed. The main activity of the Maryknoll Sisters in Monsignor Ford's Mission will be the direction of a Novitiate for native nuns. The inhabitants of Monsignor Ford's

field belong to the race of Hakka Chinese, a hardy and intelligent people. A small group of Hakka candidates for the native sisterhood have been training already for several years at Hong Kong.

The names and destinations of the Maryknoll Sisters chosen this

year to make Christ known and loved in fields afar are:

To Manchuria

- Sr. M. Jude Babione
(Fremont, Ohio)
- Sr. M. Angelica O'Leary
(Newsome, Idaho)
- Sr. M. Paula Sullivan
(Burlington, Vermont)
- Sr. M. Lelia Makra
(Cleveland, Ohio)
- Sr. M. Fabiola Gonyou
(Spokane, Washington)
- Sr. M. Rita Clare Comber
(Lawrence, Massachusetts)
- Sr. M. Eva Burke
(Cambridge, Massachusetts)
- Sr. Eleanor Marie Flanagan
(Orilla, Washington)

To Korea

- Sr. M. Rose Genevieve Koll
(Belpre, Kansas)
- Sr. M. Herman Joseph Stitz
(Salem, Oregon)

To South China

- Sr. Joan Miriam Beauvais
(Worcester, Mass.)
- Sr. Cecilia Marie Carvalho
(Hong Kong, China)
- Sr. M. Rosalia Kettl
(Altoona, Pennsylvania)
- Sr. M. Augusta Hock
(Elmira, New York)

To Manila, P. I.

- Sr. Patricia Marie Callan
(Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)

To the Hawaiian Islands

- Sr. M. Mildred Fritz
(Newport, Minnesota)



IN HER SOCIAL SERVICE WORK AMONG THE POOR OF MANILA, P. I., A MARYKNOLL HANDMAID OF CHRIST, SR. M. FREDERICA HALL, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DISCOVERS AND MOTHERS TWO HOMELESS WAIFS

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

An ideal gift book

This is the translation sponsored by Father Price. It is said to be the only complete life in English. Illustrations from original photographs add to the value.

The books are perfect copies, printed on excellent paper and bound in cloth with a most attractive design. The price is drastically cut because of that familiar spectre, the Depression.

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SOULS ENDURE FOREVER.

GIVING THANKS

I AM so happy to write that my little boy's eye is really perfect again, since you remembered him in the *Novena of Grace*. I had taken him to two specialists, and still the eye didn't seem to improve; but, thank God, it looks fine now.—Norwich, Conn.

The extra dollar is an offering for a Mass, in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a temporary appointment for my husband. Things looked very dark when we began to remind Our Blessed Mother of our needs. Her answer was almost immediate help.

I would be glad if you could publish this, to encourage others to increase their prayers, assured of help from Our Heavenly Mother.—Yonkers, N.Y.

THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



THE letter of the Holy Father that inaugurated the Holy Year refers to the preaching of the Apostles as being performed in a prodigal and triumphant manner. If the triumph was the work of the Holy Spirit, the prodigality may doubtless be counted as the policy of the Apostles themselves.

He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth blessings shall also reap blessings (2 Cor. 9, 6). Were we to imitate the Apostles more closely in their prodigal sowing, we might find ourselves approximating them more nearly in their triumphal reaping.

ON the twelfth of this month, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, it will be fourteen years

In Our Schools

THE school year that closed last June registered a most encouraging co-operation of students in Catholic schools and colleges with *The Field Afar*.

We are grateful for many kind expressions of encouragement; and we hope that, in 1933-34, we shall keep our "old" friends and make many more new ones among the Catholic students of our homeland.

since the soul of Father Thomas Frederick Price, Co-founder of Maryknoll, passed to God.

As he lay dying in Saint Paul's Hospital, Hong Kong, he looked forward eagerly to the meeting with the "great Mother", as the Chinese call the Mother whom our Lord bequeathed from the Cross to mankind. Among Father Price's last words was the cry of joy and hope: "I shall celebrate today's Feast with our Immaculate Mother. Oh! how happy I am to die today!"

Beloved Sons, what other centenary should be holier or worthier of celebration than the Nineteenth Centenary of the Redemption of Mankind?
—Pius XI.

THE Feast of the Korean Martyrs, celebrated on the twenty-sixth of this month, is especially dear to Maryknollers because it is

DOES "HALF PRICE" ATTRACT?

A saving of fifty per cent is offered you on a Maryknoll book this month. And the book is one of our best; you will be glad to read and re-read it many times.

See the back cover.

the privilege of some among them to labor in the "Land of Martyrs". During the great persecutions of 1794, 1839, 1846, and 1866 in Korea, thousands of native Christians made the supreme sacrifice for the Faith.

The remarkable increase of Catholics in Korea in the course of our own century has once more verified the saying: *The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians*.

A generous share in the fruits of the martyrs has been granted to Maryknoll missionaries of Korea, for, since their arrival in 1923, the number of Catholics in the field assigned to them has almost tripled; and in recent reports the yearly total of Baptisms has been a thousand or over.

From these wonderful events and divine gifts with which the earthly life of Jesus Christ closes, emanates to us that life which is the true life, and arises a new order of centuries for all the human generations.
—Pius XI.

AS the copy for this issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* goes to press the day of the Maryknoll Superior General's consecration as a Titular Bishop by Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi in Rome has come and gone, but there has not been time for the details concerning the ceremony to reach the Home Knoll.

In the meanwhile we present to our readers on the cover of this issue a photograph of the simple but beautiful Altar of the Chapel of Propaganda College, in Rome, where, on June twenty-ninth, Maryknoll's twenty-second birthday, the Co-founder of this work for God and souls was elevated to the episcopate.

We revivify such recollections, therefore, during this Holy Year with every intensity, and We venerate them with fervid love.—Pius XI.

CAN YOU LEAVE ALL FOR CHRIST?

IS Oriental learning worthy of Occidental pondering?

In the *Book of Poetry* it is said: "The twittering yellow bird rests on a corner of the mound. When it rests, it knows where to rest. Is it possible that a man should not be equal to this bird?"

An embarrassing question asked by Confucius, who seems to have thought that mankind's only serious bar to happiness was its own unconquerable stupidity.

Let us stimulate ourselves to prayer and penitence for the sins committed by us.

—Pius XI.

"EVERY *missioner a blessing*" is a fine slogan, and we like to multiply blessings. We must admit, however, that even blessings may come high; and you will get our meaning if we remind you, as we ourselves are often reminded, that practically every new Maryknoll priest means just so much additional expense. This is, of course, not a nice way to look at the young levite who presents himself for service as a commissioned officer in the army of Christ, but the greater the army, the greater the tax. Is it not so?

Let us have in mind in our prayers and acts of expiation not only our eternal salvation, but also that of all mankind.

—Pius XI.

DURING the past year so many people have asked us about our financial status that a few facts may interest our readers, among whom we have staunch and generous backers.

While *THE FIELD AFAR*—at one dollar a year—yields little if any direct profit, it makes friends; and friends become benefactors. Our income consists of *undesigned gifts* (by far the largest item); *legacies*; *student aid*; *offerings for the completion of our Seminary*; *associate dues*, yearly and perpetual; *interest and dividends*; and *canceled annuities*.

The outlay is made up of these principal items: *general office expense* (salaries, postage, supplies, and so forth); *interest on loans and annuities*; *mission subsidies*; *Seminary support*; *heating and lighting*. The fiscal year runs from February to February; and last year we managed to live up to all of our obligations, an accomplishment which should be credited to the Providence of God and the intercession of His saints—good souls co-operating.

T. J. McCarty; Rev. C. J. Conrad; Rev. J. A. O'Meara; Rev. T. F. Brannan; Rev. L. I. Gardner; Rev. Lawrence A. Fahey; Rev. Martin F. Casey; Rev. James V. Daly; Sr. M. James McGarvey; Sr. M. Clavie Graham; Sr. Imelda Keaho; Sr. M. Francesca Black; Sr. M. Augusta Nevins; Robert F. David; Mrs. Catherine Dolan; J. B. Twyman; Mrs. B. K. Miller; Katherine Walsh; Wm. G. Riley; Margaret Concannon; J. Flynn; Mrs. J. G. Bauknecht; Wm. F. Wattson; Margaret Reilly; William Nork; I. Robinson;



THE OPENING IN ROME OF THE PRESENT HOLY YEAR COMMEMORATING THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS
WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Most Rev. John F. O'Hern; Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Guinan; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. M. Cleary; Rt. Rev. Msgr.

Mrs. A. M. Sallaway; Mrs. Nora Lynch; Teresa Sinnott; Mary Lewis; Mrs. Lena Sipchen; Mrs. E. Cannon; Mary Fitzgerald; Anna Pauly; Josephine Cram; Alfred Trembley; Mrs. Mary Dalrymple; Mrs. Edith Pennefather; J. H. Hagan; Margaret Cunneen; Mrs. Sarah Haggerty; Mrs. Hannah Baldwin; Margaret Barrey; E. P. McGrath; James Maguire; Mrs. Mary Kelley; Annie Connolly; Mrs. Catherine Farrell; Joseph Kurzinsky; Alice Ryan; S. Merten; Mary Purcell; Agnes Hoy; Mrs. B. Wynne; Margaret E. O'Connor; Cecile Langton; Mrs. C. LaSance; Mrs. C. Strandberg; K. F. Sullivan; Mrs. Jane Dalton; M. J. Halferty; Mrs. A. M. Monroe; Mary Lagergren; Mrs. Mary Eckerly; J. H. Kent; Clara Lindner; Mrs. C. Stone; Maurice Lynch.

LIFE INSURANCE

HAVE you considered making Maryknoll the Alternate Beneficiary of your Life Insurance?

Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.

CAN YOU LEAVE YOURSELF?

An Advice to Readers

By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Ford, M.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y.



AM sure that to any of us who have ever sat tense and wide-eyed while deep in the fascinating tales of Dickens the thought has come, some time or other, that the queer scenes in which the plots are laid have never had existence outside of the author's and his readers' minds. Certainly in America today there are few links with England of the early nineteenth century, as pictured by Dickens.

It is true that he dwells by preference on the slums and the seamy side of London, and is most at home among the poor, the orphans, and the denizens of prisons and parish workhouses. Yet, even in his happier scenes of normal

life, the pen pictures are of a country remote from America. There is an ancient, smoky flavor not to be found in our spick and span New England towns, and hence much less in the younger sections of the West.

But over in China, at this very hour, there is much that recalls the English life of Dickens' tales, and passages borrowed bodily from his books might fittingly describe the commonest sights in China. I do not mean in the port cities of the East, which have been westernized within the past few decades, but the village and town life of inland China is still strikingly like England before the discovery of steam and electric power.

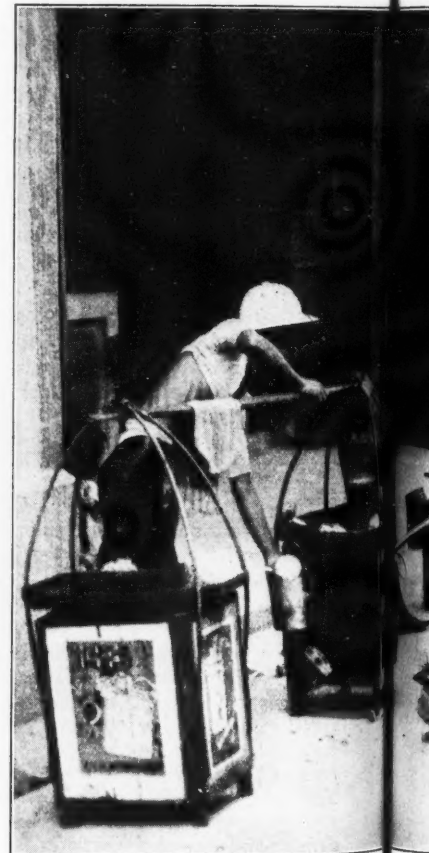


CHINA STILL HAS ROWS OF MAN-PROPELLED VEHICLES

From "Our Mutual Friend"—

Take this passage from "Our Mutual Friend":

"It was market day. The ground was covered, nearly ankle deep, with filth and mire; all the pens in the center of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; tied up to posts by the gutter side were long lines of oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade were mingled together in a dense mass; the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of oxen, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the cries of hawkers, the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping and yelling, and the unwashed, squalid, and



PURE FOOD LAWS MEAN AS LITTLE AS LITTLE

rs Dickens—Come to China

oklyn, N. Y. Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kaying Mission in South China

dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene which quite confounded the senses."

The foregoing is hardly descriptive of American life, not even of such rare events as that of the circus coming to town, for America has plenty of space and elbowroom for all. It is, though, a fairly accurate picture of many of our market towns in China, except for the presence of the sheep, and of the thieves and vagabonds. There is noise and bustle enough in our markets over here; but all is in good humor, and restrained.

It is a pleasant sight to glimpse at dawn the gathering of the farmers, each wending his way behind a cow or before a flock of geese, with perhaps a



pig or two swung in baskets from his shoulders. They come as far as ten miles to the market from all points of the compass; and soon the temporary sheds are filled with mooing cows; and the river that always skirts the town is gray with geese, seemingly unconscious of restraint, yet always within sight of the gooseherd's flagstaff.

There seems to be very little unnecessary cruelty to animals, either because the ducks and geese and pigs and cows have lived so close in daily company with man that they have lost all fear, or else because the Chinese is by nature calm and gentle. Then, too, generations of kind treatment have bred a strain of animals that can walk unconcerned in a jostling crowd, and not

tax the patience of the driver.

China's Sweet Shops—

The permanent shops in the market towns are not unlike those patronized by the "Uncommercial Traveller":

"Shops where an orange or a half dozen nuts, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigarbox are offered for sale," or further down the alley another, "sheltering in one corner an irregular row of ginger-beer bottles."

I doubt if America, with its pure food laws, can prepare one for any adequate conception of these Chinese shops. There are many like Silas Wegg's little stall: "It gave you the faceache to look at his apples, the stomachache to look at his oranges, and the



S LITTLE HAWKERS AS THEY DID TO SILAS WEGG



SIGNBOARDS JOSTLE ONE ANOTHER IN CHINA'S NARROW STREETS



THERE IS NOISE AND BUSTLE ENOUGH IN CHINA'S MARKETS; BUT ALL IS IN GOOD HUMOR, AND RESTRAINED

toothache to look at his nuts."

If there is anything a Chinese youngster likes, besides eating unsterilized dainties, it is undoubtedly to fondle the same. Near one of our mission chapels each afternoon an old man passes by, or rather lingers, for the gatekeeper and he are cronies. The neighborhood awaits his coming anxiously; and he no sooner settles himself in the warm sun than a flock of scantily clothedurchins surround his stand, and try to hypnotize the sugared cakes for sale. They get bolder as their mouths water;

and, one by one, they pick over the little pile of cakes, and suck the sweetness that adheres to their paws. What a red-letter day it was when one of the group could proudly wave a cash or two, and buy a cake.

Each was disposed to eat it by himself, but generously offered a bit to the Maryknoll pastor. And when the missionary, accepting it, broke the cake in two, and divided his half into as many portions as there were mouths, what a lesson in charity they learned! It is to the credit of these Chinese street-ur-



CHINESE FARMERS TRAVEL AS FAR AS TEN MILES TO THE MARKET FROM ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

chins that they profited by it on other occasions, and, without prompting, shared the precious morsels among themselves.

Shades of "Barnaby Rudge"—

The view down one of our mission alleys in South China is like a page from "Barnaby Rudge". America is too brand-new to figure in such a story. Old China has the gnarled trees, and crooked lanes, and ruins at every turn, where foundation bricks have been eaten away by saltpeter and doorless arches are choked with tropical weeds. The very newest dwelling looks age-old when built, for paint is a stranger in inland China, and the heavy rains soon coat the bricks with moss.

But it is at night that China is most like England of Dickens' time. As Barnaby Rudge would gallop through the London streets, "long stands of hackney-chairs, and groups of chairmen obstructed the way." America has not seen that since the days of Martha Washington; while, in many sections of China, it is still the sole mode of travel, unless one has a pony.

Then, too, in Barnaby's time, "shops still adhered to the old practice of hanging out a sign." Indeed, Dickens would be at a loss for a word to introduce his chapters if there were to be no comments on the swinging signboards. The main street of any town in China looks like a lumber yard on strike. The streets are none too wide at best, and yet are narrowed by two rows of jostling signboards that threaten to hurl themselves from rusty hinges, the better to catch your eye.

Real Darkness—

Dickens says: "The streets were very dark. Many of the courts and lanes were left in total darkness. Quiet folks had great dread of traversing the streets after the shops were closed."

In inland China, after nightfall, a rash stranger who ventured out of doors would imagine a plague had struck the town—deserted streets, except for squealing rats, the shops all boarded up, and not a light in sight; pitch dark on moonless nights, and silent, unless the watchman happens to be striking his gong and beating the hour on a drum, just as in Dickens' London.

"THY KINGDOM COME" IS A PRAYER

We who have blinked our eyes as babies at the arc lights have no idea how black real darkness can be on the first nights of a Chinese month, when the new moon hides herself in fear. Even Little Nell and Lizzie Hexam had an oil and cotton lamp, or a tallow candle, to light them along their way.

Rivals of the Pickwick Club—

In China we find enough queer characters to rival any of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Micawber cannot begin to compete with the Chinese in their passion for pawning clothes. A boy who slept at one of our missions for a few nights could not rest easy until he had exchanged the pastor's blanket and his extra suit for a pawn check.

In "Barnaby Rudge" we read, "Under every shed small groups of link-boys (who lighted timid folks home in the dark) gamed away the earnings of the day." The same gaming, which Dickens calls "the vice which ran so high among all classes (the fashion being of course set by the upper)," is the commonest pastime in China.

Then take such characters as Silas Wegg, who nightly reads to Noddy Boffin the stirring deeds of Belisarius, or "Bully Sawyers", as he anglicizes the general's name. Where, out of China, would you find such conceit as is concentrated in the village schoolmaster; and where else are the people in such admiration at his ability to read the Chinese scrawl? And, if he knows English over and above his native tongue, he is hopeless.

One of our mission schoolteachers, proud of his stock of English, enhanced his reputation by teaching the children to recite the following words: "do, re, mi, fa, sol", blindly persuaded that he was speaking English.

Come to China—

Perhaps some of us today do not relish the quaintness of Dickens' tales to the fullest. Might I suggest an aid to this? Living in up-to-date surroundings, in an atmosphere of sophisticated modern life, with its latest improvements in dwellings and comfort, we are apt to miss some of the flavor of yesteryear's old times.

If such a confirmed modern will but haunt an old second-hand bookstore till

he finds a leather-bound, antique copy of Dickens' works, full of ancient woodcuts by Seymour, or Phiz, or Cruikshank—the pages of which are yellow with age and dry and dusty to the touch, smelling of mold like clothes in the garret, he will have a substitute, such as it is, for the real article, that at the present day can only be found in China. You must come to China for local color, in order to read Dickens as he should be read.



THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST AMONG A GROUP OF JAPANESE RECENTLY BAPTIZED AT THE MARYKNOLL MISSION IN SEATTLE

The little Matsusaka girl is two and a half, while Mr. Morita, Seattle's oldest Japanese, is eighty-six

Mr. Morita Takes an Old Chum's Advice

AMONG the Japanese recently baptized at the Maryknoll Mission in Seattle, Wash., were two whose ages are separated by many decades. The little Matsusaka girl is two and a half, while Mr. Morita has witnessed the passage of eighty-six years.

Mr. Morita is Seattle's oldest

The Field Afar for life, \$50

BRIEF, BUT ALL-EMBRACING.

Japanese. He left his native land about seventy years ago, shortly after Commodore Perry opened Japan to the world. This patriarch of the city's Japanese colony is best remembered by many for his long years as court interpreter for his own people here. More vigorous than his years imply, our aged convert rises early each morning and attends Mass at the Mission church.

Mr. Morita's memory lingers on old events and customs in Japan. He remembers when Japan had no navy at all, and recalls the day on which he and his father went down to the harbor of Nagasaki to see Japan's first warship just arriving from Holland, where it had been built two years previously. The Dutch crew had to teach the Japanese how to man the boat, for they knew absolutely nothing about such a ship. Today Japan has two hundred and forty naval vessels of various classes.

These were some of the things Mr. Morita narrated at the banquet given recently in honor of the officers and sailors of a Japanese warship then in the port of Seattle. He was one of the most important guests who attended the reception in the Civic Auditorium.

As a young man he saw the ancient nobility of Japan, called the *Samurai*, challenging one another on the street. With one short sword and a long one they fought unto death. So little was thought of human life that these men even tried their new swords on helpless victims who chanced to pass by.

Those times are gone forever, says our old friend. He hopes that some day all Japan will become Catholic.

When a pagan friend of long standing heard that Mr. Morita was going to become a Christian, the old chum told him to be sure and go the whole way and become a Catholic Christian.

"That is what I have done," says Mr. Morita, "and I am very, very happy."

Ambassadors of Christ, Orient-Bound



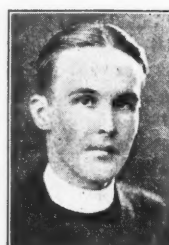
Rev. Bro.
Lawrence
Bowers, of
Cleveland, Ohio
(South China)



Rev. Thomas
Gilleran, of
Framingham,
Mass. (South
China)



Rev. William
Schulz, of
New York,
N. Y. (South
China)



Rev. James
O'Donnell, of
Philadelphia, Pa.
(South China)



Rev. William
Kaschmitter,
of Cottonwood,
Idaho
(Manchuria)



THIS year, as in years gone by, two missionary veterans watched the celebration of *Foundation Day* at Maryknoll, and beheld it, we like to think, with considerable interest. They had very good seats, too—the best of the lot, in fact. St. Peter and St. Paul are the names of these two seasoned missionaries; and it is on their Feast Day, June twenty-ninth, that we also commemorate the birth of our Society. And we are sure that there were others present in spirit: St. Francis Xavier, and Blessed Théophane Vénard, for instance, not to mention the Co-founder who fourteen years ago joined the ranks of Maryknoll-in-heaven, Father Thomas Frederick Price.

Maryknoll's birthday is always a big day, and though the Society is young enough yet—just touching its twenty-second year—it has hosts of good friends; and what with the throngs of priests, Brothers, Sisters, students, and friends from Ossining and the neighborhood round about, the chapel was a rather warm spot that morning.

And what about birthday pres-

ents? They were there, too, in every variety; for what better gifts could you choose for Maryknoll than priests, Brothers, Sisters, and students, and the more of them the merrier? There indeed they were from all directions, in various stages of preservation: missionaries from Asia, some of them pretty much the worse for

wear, the old pioneers of the Society a bit frayed at the edges, maybe, but still going strong; brand new warriors, recently ordained; Maryknoll Brothers, all who could beg or borrow the wherewithal to come to the Center; and a big consignment of raw material in the shape of young and enthusiastic students.

But—the "*pièce de résistance*" was missing! Our Superior-General, Maryknoll's Co-founder, the man who helped Maryknoll into the world, and who fed and cherished it, was away in Rome! Can you imagine it! The father absent from the birthday of the child! Well, we'll forgive him this time, considering the circumstances, for, while Maryknoll was celebrating at home, Bishop James Anthony Walsh was being consecrated in Rome; and thus he has his own special gift to bring home, and it will be none the less welcome though late for the party, since he will bring to Maryknoll in his consecrated hands the seal and approval of the Universal Church.

In the Ship's Wake—

MARYKNOLL'S annual tribute to the forces of the Church Militant have already left barracks, and are now sailing, sailing over the boundless sea, en route for the front line trenches. They

Mission Values

\$1

Will support a Maryknoll missionary for a day.

\$5

Will provide for the adoption of a Chinese baby, thereby rescuing it from paganism.

\$10

Will enable our missionaries to pay for one month the salary of a native catechist.

\$100

Will support for one year a young Chinese preparing for the priesthood in one of our Mission Junior Seminaries.

\$365

Will provide the support of a Maryknoll missionary—Priest, Brother, or Sister—during one year.

\$500

Will cover the travel expenses of a Maryknoll apostle to Asia.

HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM

THE FIELD AFAR

are wondering how many times St. Francis Xavier got seasick, and marveling that, in all they heard of the trials and tribulations of that intrepid Apostle, there was not even a mention of this supreme anguish. Seasickness is as good as, perhaps even better than, a retreat. There's nothing quite like it to inspire such a whole-souled aversion to things of this world; to take all the allure out of the pleasures of life that lead men astray; to make one long so fer-

vently for the bliss of eternal peace, undisturbed by turbulent oceans.

What wonder that even a few days of this spiritual regeneration should make our outgoing missionaries, when land comes in sight, stagger bravely to the rail, eager to glimpse the land that is now to be their home, even yearning for the martyrdom that will be cheerfully welcomed, once they get off this doggoned boat.

But all things pass away—even

seasickness. And behold fifteen new recruits to gladden the hearts of the hard-pressed veterans on active service! But, while they go forth joyfully, let us remember that they are still to be tried by "the burdens of the day and the heats", and let us beg the Queen of the Apostles to strengthen them for their daily tasks, to make them generous and loyal, and ever faithful to their vocation of bringing God to pagan souls.



ORDAINED AT THE HOME KNOLL ON JUNE 11, 1933

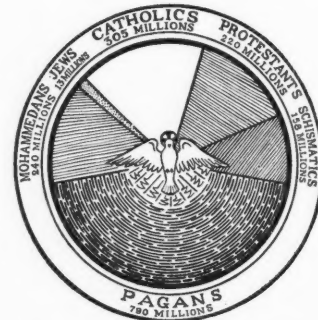
In the second row, beginning at the left, Rev. William Whitlow, of New York, N. Y. (Japan); Rev. Harry Bush, of Medford, Mass. (South China); Rev. James Ray, of New York, N. Y. (Korea); Rev. Alfred Harding, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (Los Altos, Calif.); Rev. Arthur Weber, of Cuba City, Wis. (South China); Rev. William Kupfer, of Flushing, N. Y. (South China); Rev. Everett Briggs, of Boston, Mass. (Japan). Seated: Rev. Michael Walsh, of Boston, Mass. (Korea); Rev. John Walsh, of New Haven, Conn. (Japan); Rev. Joseph Henry, of Boston, Mass. (Bedford, Mass.); Rev. Joseph Hughes, of New York, N. Y. (Manila); and Rev. Joseph Gibbons, of Yonkers, N. Y. (Korea)

THAT PREACH THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.



His Only Miracle

The Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission in South China, relates how Ignatius Loyola bound Francis Xavier by the chords of Adam.



A COLD wind rattled through the long cloister that bisected the whole length of the College of St. Barbe. The students rubbed their hands and shivered, as they hurried along between the cold, gray walls. Merry faces predominated, however, in the throng that came trooping by twos and threes, most of whom were in some kind of animated conversation. Heads were thrown back in sudden laughter, as jokes and near jokes were retailed here and there, after the eternal fashion of schoolboys to whom the only unforgivable crime is to be serious. Some romped and pantomined, while others wheeled about to greet companions with boisterous exclamations.

It was November in Paris several centuries before the introduction of steam heat. The boys did not miss it. The animal spirits of their hardy generation rendered such coddling superfluous. Besides, they were on their way to supper in the big, vaulted refectory, where the crusty loaves and red wine of France would soon fortify the inner man to withstand the chill.

A man with the hard-bitten face of the ascetic entered the refectory, sat down nodding to those around him, ate sparingly of one dish, drank off a glass of wine and water, and folded his napkin. Next to him was seated a younger man, whose delicate features and gentle expression combined to give that appearance which men have agreed to call angelic.

The more mature man turned to his younger companion, who had finished his own scanty meal with equal dis-

patch. "Peter Favre", he said banteringly, his stern face relaxing and a sudden kindness softening his piercing black eyes, "you are not eating enough! How will you ever do any work for God, if you begin by starving to death? It isn't always Lent. Keep your body strong, or you'll regret it. I have been through all that. A man's body is miserable enough at best, without adding ill health to make it worse."

The young man smiled at the little tirade. "Your words would carry greater weight if you gave better example," he said slyly. "I'll engage to pamper the body just as much as my worthy preceptor does," he finished, with a mock bow.

The two men smiled a smile of mutual understanding, but the younger man's face immediately clouded, as his mind reverted to a preoccupation that he had wished, and yet feared, to speak about. "Inigo," he said, turning on his companion, "are you not worried about Francis? I've wanted to speak to you for some time. I think his success is going to his head. Since he went to Beauvais College, you know."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the older man a little dryly. "But what can we do about it?"

"Well, no offense now. But here's what I wanted to say. With Francis spoiled already by his little success, do you think it is wise to add to it? I admit he is a first rate philosopher, but you know perfectly well he would not have scored such a big success so soon, if you had not gone out of your way to send him students. Now they are all flocking to him, and it's not doing him any good. When a man is full of pride and vanity already, why not leave

bad enough alone?" Peter Favre stopped, breathless after his long outburst, and wondering how it would be received. He was relieved to see the older man still smiling.

"The point is well taken, Peter," came the answer. "I admit I am playing a hazardous game. But the stake is worth it. And I've studied my man a bit, you know. Unless I am entirely wrong, he is too genuine at bottom to be fooled long by a little success. Or even by a big one. The sooner he succeeds, the sooner he will see the futility of succeeding. Some men would be spoiled, I grant you. But a generous nature is won best by generosity. That's Francis. And that's my plan." Inigo sighed. He was far from feeling the assurance he expressed. He turned to Favre with a great earnestness. "What I really count upon, Peter, is your prayers. That is what wins these battles. Pray much. We shall win yet, if it is God's will."

Well-fed boys began to file out of the refectory. Knots of them gathered here and there, making plans to spend their evening in the various haunts of Paris. The two companions rose and joined the stream that soon issued on the street. A constitutional walk was their custom.

They had not gone very far when a voice from the crowd hailed them. They looked around to see a man approaching, young enough to be a student, but wearing the doctor's cape that proclaimed the teacher. In his piquant face danced snapping black eyes. It was the unconscious object of their recent solicitude.

They chatted a bit, walking along. The newcomer was bound for a night

out, and was looking for companions. According to him, a lot of fun was going to be had at some party which he was attending. "There are some clever men coming," he said, "and we shall discuss everything under the sun. Perhaps a few more, besides. A man must hear all sides these days. It makes a full mind." The enthusiastic and sententious professor paused for encouragement.

"Much more likely to make a full skin, I should think," replied the more mature Inigo, who had attended a few such gatherings and knew that they promised anything but intellectual advancement. He turned and bestowed a large and solemn wink on Peter Favre.

Favre suddenly decided that he was in a hurry to go somewhere. "If you will excuse me, I'll just chase along," he said abruptly. "Piles of work to do. See you later." He was off, leaving the other two to stroll on alone.

The young professor was no whit abashed by these dashes of cold water, and he kept up a lively chatter about parties and a number of other things. Inigo listened, throwing in a word of patient interest now and again. He wanted to earn attention by first giving it. Finally the younger man got to the end of his talk about the boyish dreams and fantastic plans that characterize the unreality of a university world. He closed on the apologetic note characteristic of those who sponsor the heady idealisms of youth, while retaining a little too much sense to believe in them completely themselves. "Of course, none of us know much, after all. I shall never invent a new philosophy. I shall be lucky if I can keep on dealing out enough Aristotle to hold my job. Still, it's fun to try."

The older man suddenly turned on him, standing stock still. His eyes pierced, while his hand arrested, his young companion. "Francis! Suppose you did discover a new system, as you call it. What would it mean beyond the praises of a few empty heads? Suppose the greatest success you can imagine, what would it do for you except to expose you to the one great danger, which is pride? What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

The professor listened to him, be-

cause he could not well do otherwise. But his gorge rose. He wished he was capable of being impolite. Instead he stiffened a bit, and replied with a trace of irritation, "I thought that was coming. But don't go so fast, if you please. You speak as if I were on the high road to perdition, or something. What is the idea of preaching a sermon at me on the public street? This is the second time. Really, Inigo, you must have constituted yourself spiritual adviser to the whole university. Yet I,

for one, do not recall choosing you in that capacity." He paused. Wishing to repel, he hesitated to offend. There was little danger. Inigo only laughed.

"There is justice in what you say, Francis. However, out of the whole university, you are the only one to whom I have spoken in this particular way. Think that over." Inigo patted his companion on the back. "Well, go ahead to your party. I must get along, too, to puzzle my old head over what Tacitus said about the Germans." With



"FRANCIS," SAID IGNATIUS, "SUPPOSE THE GREATEST SUCCESS YOU CAN IMAGINE, WHAT WOULD IT DO FOR YOU EXCEPT TO EXPOSE YOU TO THE ONE GREAT DANGER, WHICH IS PRIDE? WHAT DOES IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND SUFFER THE LOSS OF HIS OWN SOUL?"

WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

a smile and a wave of the hand, he was off.

It was a few weeks later when Inigo got his revenge. The three men shared the same quarters. They were all bending over the books one evening, when Francis received a letter from home. He frowned as he read it; he put it away, and kept on frowning. He did some thinking along practical, rather than philosophical lines. Then he rose, and approached Inigo. "Private matter, my old one," he said in a low voice. "Could I speak to you a moment?"

Inigo rose and accompanied him into the hall, wondering a little.

"It's this way," said Francis, coming straight to the point. "I need some money. I just got a letter from home, but there was nothing in it. I don't quite understand, because I wrote for it. Anyhow, it leaves me in a bit of a fix. I owe some here and there, you know. And I've got to do a little entertaining. And—"

"How much do you need?" came the answer from the older man, without the least hesitation. "What is mine is yours. Say the word."

A little later Francis, with Inigo's loan in his pocket, was on the street, headed for an evening out. Inigo returned to the books. He read a bit, but felt Peter Favre's eyes boring into his back. He closed his book, and turned to his companion. "I suppose you took in the latest act in this little comedy of ours, Peter," he said, a trifle defensively.

"I couldn't help hearing a few sentences," replied Peter. "Have it your own way, of course. But I am not at all sure that was wise. On top of everything else you lend him money to continue his foolish running around. More vanity, that's all. What possible good can that do?"

"It can help to show him the vanity of vanities, perhaps," said Inigo, in no wise disconcerted. He turned fully around. "Seriously, Peter, you know my theory about Francis. I want to bind him by the chords of Adam. I know that gratitude is the rarest of virtues, but you must also remember that we are dealing with the rarest of men. Let him once wake up to realities, and you will see a return of my

investment. It is for your prayers to wake him up, that's all. Stick to that, Peter, will you please," continued Inigo gently, but firmly. "And let me handle the human element in my own blundering way."

For a month they saw little of Francis, except when he returned late at night from some meeting or other to drop into bed exhausted. With all his gayety, however, the young professor was looking worried. He received some money from home, and paid back his loan with expressions of gratitude. But this time he did not blossom out in new clothes, nor go in for the other extravagances customary to students in general and to Francis in particular. Actually the letter from home had sobered him a bit. Along with the money, there was a rather serious warning from his eldest brother to indicate that the house of Xavier was getting tired of financing student prodigality. The letter made him think.

Other circumstances likewise combined to give him pause. The philosophy class that had been a pure delight was beginning to reveal to its young teacher the many bizarre opinions bandied about by his students and confrères. He grudgingly admitted to himself that many views, tenaciously held and recklessly advocated by his friends, were unquestionably heretical and indefensible. He was himself a man of an intellect at once penetrating and bold; but the mere wildness of an idea was not enough to interest his well-balanced mind, whereas this shady recommendation alone apparently sufficed to attract his equally bold, but less intelligent, companions.

Of late his usually complacent thoughts about the future had undergone a mysterious disturbance. Gradually taking shape in his mind was a yet indistinct ideal of sacrifice, that began imperceptibly to replace his former enthusiasms. His projected career of a comfortable existence spiced with scholastic éclat took on the aspect of an insipid ambition that suddenly did not seem to matter. Born in him somehow was a vague but growingly insistent desire for something higher, better, costing more. "Costing more?" he

thought at times. "No, costing everything." He wanted no half measures. His still unanalyzed thoughts played about a central notion of burning bridges, committing oneself, going the whole way. Soon he began to know what ambition could really mean, as the new appeal gained distinctness and force. He wanted to live dangerously—and for a great cause. He did not yet pronounce the word, but what he wanted was sacrifice.

At the outset his guard was up, and thoughts like these stole in only at odd moments. At first they met with hasty dismissal, then with shy entertainment, and gradually with hesitating acceptance. He noticed that the more he gave himself up to them, the happier he became. At times the mere yielding of his will to the now dominating train of thought flooded him with an overwhelming joy. "I will give all," he finally discovered himself answering to the insistent question now ringing in his heart.

If Inigo had any knowledge of all this, he did not display it. He met Francis seldom, and then with a cool insouciance. He was not worried.

The end was not long delayed. Inigo was studying one evening when Francis came in, looking rather serious. Francis hesitated. Inigo looked at him, saw something in his eyes, sensed something in his demeanor. Inigo laid down his book, yawned, stretched. "What's on your mind?" he asked casually. "Did you discover a new system of philosophy? Or did you find the answer to my question?"

"Both," smiled Francis. "Your question is the only philosophy, after all." He squared around, serious, intent, appealing. "Inigo! Tell me what to do."

The older man stood up, placed his hands on Francis' shoulders, and looked in his eyes. "Do you want to throw in your lot with me, Francis? It isn't going to be easy. It may lead us to Calvary, you know."

"That's all right," said Francis simply. "Inigo, if it's to the end of the world, it doesn't matter to me."

Years later the Spanish used to say that while Xavier worked many miracles and Ignatius only one, yet that one was greater than all of Xavier's, for that one miracle was Xavier himself.



Maryknoll Juniors



Feodor

By Sister Mary Famula Clements, O.P., of Detroit Mich., teacher at Maryknoll Academy, Dairen, Manchuria



AIREN is a Manchurian coast city. Like other coast cities its population is made up of representatives of many nationalities. But unlike many other coast cities, not even poetic license will allow Dairen to be called a *melting pot*. It isn't. As far as a tyro can judge each nationality retains its individual language, customs, dress and prejudices—which individualism doesn't greatly augment the *peace and concord which ought to reign among us*.

Maryknoll Academy in Dairen is an attempt to unify at least the language and ideals of a small but representative group. On the two year old record book can be found Russian, Jewish, Polish, Armenian, Chinese, French, English, American and Japanese names.

Feodor is a militant young Hebrew who comes to our school. He distinguished himself on his arrival by definite, frequent and altogether unnecessary assertions anent his Semitic extraction. During the first few days of his life at Maryknoll Academy he amused us all by his uncompromising attitude, strutting around like a young *cock o' the walk* challenging all who ran to *come and knock this chip off my shoulder*.

Needless to say, our heterogeneous collection of Gentiles didn't hesitate to pick up the gauntlet. Gradually, through sheer pluck and independence he built up a playground following, annexing all Jews and a few admiring Gentiles to his cause.

The classroom teacher watched and waited, only interfering when really necessary. She felt that to espouse the cause of either side would only increase the antagonism. Besides, Feodor already felt that she was trying to force him into a monastery. So she remained neutral.

But there came a day when Feodor threatened to disrupt the Junior Room which boasts a goodly number of less

combative Israelites. It is the custom to open classes with the Sign of the Cross and a Hail Mary. One day Sister happened to look up just in time to see Feodor flash a look of bitter scorn and point an accusing finger at some of his co-religionists who were in the act of blessing themselves. Hands stopped in mid-air. Sister appeared not to notice. For a number of days there were decided regions of silence during the opening prayer. The silence soon gave

When he answered his voice had lost a little of its assurance. "Yes, Sister."

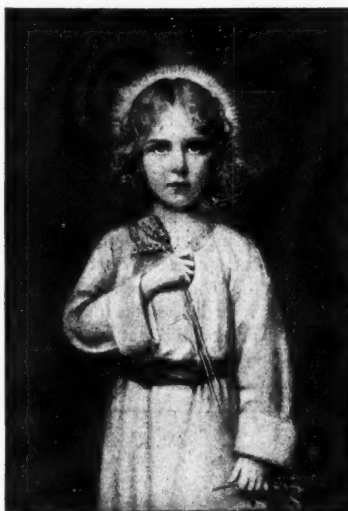
"Do you think that God is pleased that you act as you do while they are talking to Him?" Feodor thought for a minute. Then he said, "Sister, I never thought of that. But I can never, never, never, make the Cross on me."

He stood humble, yet defiant, awaiting the blow that was to make him a confessor of the faith. It did not fall. Instead Sister said, ever so gently, "Feodor, dear, I do not ask you to make the Sign of the Cross. I appreciate your feelings but I do think you might fold your hands and whisper Jewish prayers to God while we are saying our prayers. Don't you think that would please God more than the way you now act?"

Feodor thought it would. From that time on he began to change. He tried in many ways to prove his gratitude to Sister for her understanding of his spiritual difficulties.

In the Junior Room it is the custom to have a Bible story for all at the first period in the morning, and a Religion Class for those interested in Catholic dogma after school hours. The first is an obligatory class, the latter optional. In her Bible classes Sister constantly connected the Old with the New Testament, little realizing the effect such correlation would produce.

Once his antagonism was overcome, Feodor gave an animated attention to the Bible talks. He showed great pleasure when called upon to tell about a service in his synagogue or a family devotion commemorating some old Testament event. Meanwhile, Feodor was pondering many things in his heart. One day he remained for the class in Dogma. To Sister's questioning glance he explained that he was waiting for Nikolai. That day the lesson was on Baptism. Feodor listened intently and seemed greatly impressed. He did not go out when Nikolai and the others left. He remained in his seat until the door had closed on the last child. Then he abruptly asked:



The One Who is Lord over all, rich unto all that call upon Him, Who will continue to lead Feodor on

place to nudges and giggles. There was much figurative, if not literal, turning up of noses. It was at this juncture that Sister abandoned her neutrality. She called Feodor to her at the next recess.

"Feodor, do you believe in God?"

Amazed, Feodor replied, "Why, yes, Sister. All Jews believe in God."

"Well, Feodor, how many Gods do you think there are?"

"Only one, Sister."

"Then, Feodor, do you believe the other children are praying to God?"

JOIN THE MARYKNOLL JUNIORS!



Maryknoll Juniors



DEAR JUNIORS:

September thirtieth is the anniversary of the death of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. She was a missionary-at-home and won for herself the title—Patroness of the missions.

Little Teresa's way of being a missionary should give you Juniors a suggestion. Not satisfied with offering prayers and sacrifices for missionaries in general, she adopted her own missionaries and worked specially for them.

Would you like to be a missionary-at-home like the Little Flower? Write to me for the name and address of a missionary you can adopt, then get to work.

Yours for more missionaries-at-home,

Father Chin

"Sister, won't my father go to Heaven?" Surprised, Sister said: "And why not, Feodor?" Feodor wet his lips. The class had been hard on him. "You said Baptism was necessary. Jews will never be baptized. I believe all that Jesus said. I will be baptized. My papa never will. Will he go to Hell?" Then Sister explained as clearly as she could the mercy of God. She told Feodor of Baptism of desire. Knowing the

strict orthodoxy of his parents and the inevitable family dissensions that would arise should Feodor continue his interest in Catholicism, Sister told him not to come any more to her after school classes, without written permission signed by both parents. As Sister had expected, this consent was not forthcoming. Nevertheless, the next afternoon saw Feodor, militant as ever, sitting in the choicest seat at the Re-

ligion class. There was another conference after class. To Sister's protests, Feodor replied: "I don't want to miss out when I die. My father thinks he is right. All right, he does what he believes God wants him to. But I know I must be baptized. If I ask papa he will be very angry and say no. You won't baptize me unless he says yes. No matter what, I will be baptized when I get big. I will think and think. So can't I come to your class?"

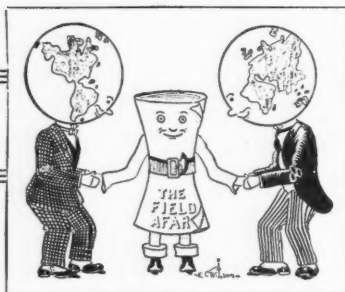
But Sister was adamant. Feodor could not come. Feodor went home a very disappointed little boy. For several days he went around the school tight lipped and tense. Sister's heart ached for him, but she felt that she had chosen the wiser course. Judging from a new look of suppressed enjoyment he suddenly began to wear, Sister supposed Feodor had relinquished his religious aspirations and had found some new interest. But she had yet to learn her Feodor.

As everybody knows, the inner partitions of Japanese houses are sliding doors of paper. One day sometime after the above interview, Sister suddenly left her Religion class to search for a book. Whom should she see scurrying away from a crack between two sliding doors but Feodor. What had he been doing? Eavesdropping! When taken to task he laughed delightedly and said, "You are not letting me come. I'm not asking to come. You can't help if I hide and listen. If I'm by the door I can't help hearing. If you make me go away I'll find some other way. Don't send me away, please. I won't ask to be baptized until I'm grown up."

What answer could be given to such persistence? Six months have elapsed since Feodor entered our school. In that time with no encouragement whatever, he has memorized the entire catechism taught by the Holy Ghost.

The story does not end? Why not? Because it is a true story and Feodor is only ten years old. But need we write an ending when it is remembered that Feodor is in the care of One Who is Lord over all, rich unto all that call upon Him? Can it be doubted that He will continue to lead Feodor on?

Special



Rate

For School Year of 10 Months—25 Subscriptions \$15.

Monthly Rate—7c per copy—15 Copies for \$1.

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY ON THE MISSION FIELD



Maryknoll Juniors



PUZZLE WINNERS

JOSEPHINE McGRATH, Wakefield, Mass., was the only prize winner in the May puzzle contest.

A warning to Puzzlers—**READ THE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY!**

The Minims of Villa Duchesne, St. Louis Co., Mo., won first prize in the June contest, and Margaret Burke, St. John's, Nfld., won second.

NEW JUNIORS

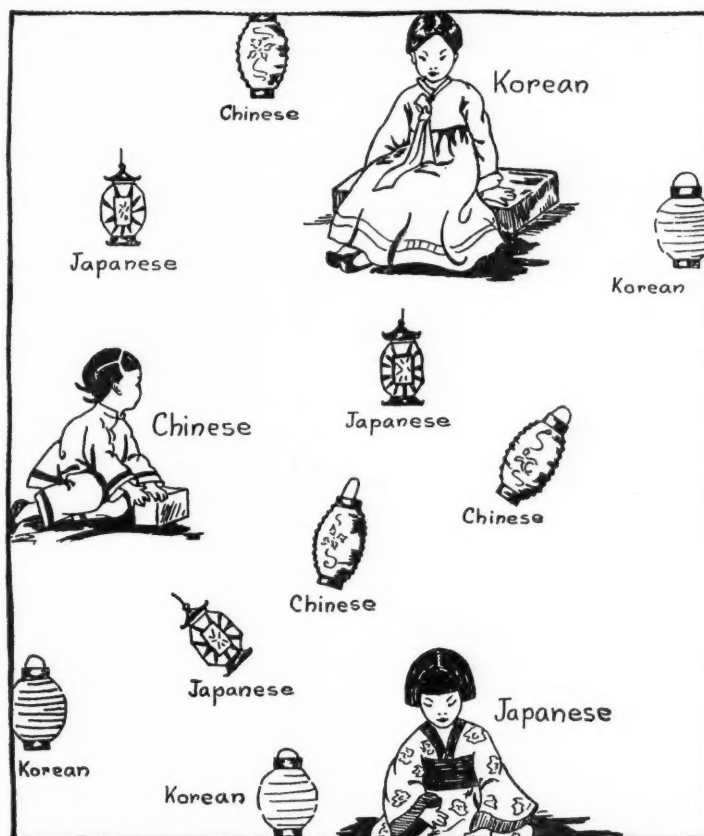
Evelyn Kearney, Wilkesburg, Penna.; Vincent Corrigan, Philadelphia, Penna.; Charlotte Smith, Woodlawn, L. I.; Betty Weisenberger, Medway, Ky.; Violet Marie Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Minnette Shanahan, San Francisco, Calif.; Kathleen M. Ryan, San Francisco; Wilma Hennessy, Youngstown, Ohio; Doris Hum, Baltimore, Md.; Marie Loicanco and Frances Cimino, Baltimore, Md.

MISSION BOOSTERS

FOLLOWING is a list of those schools and Juniors from whom Fr. Chin received gifts. Unfortunately space does not permit us to print the designation made for these varied amounts or the interesting letters which accompanied them.

St. Patrick's School, Portsmouth, N. H.; Fifth Grade boys of St. Patrick's School, So. Lawrence, Mass.; Seventh and Eighth Grades of Good Shepherd School, Frankfort, Ky.; Seventh Grade of Mother of Mercy Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Elizabeth's School, Baltimore, Md.; Fourth Grade of St. Philip's School, Crafton, Penna.; Francis Kelley and Eugene McCaffrey, Dubuque, Iowa; Freshman Class of West Catholic High, Philadelphia, Penna.; Gerard Fagan, Bronx, N.Y.C.; Lacordaire School, Upper Montclair, N. J.; Sunday School Children of Sacred Heart Church, Woonsocket, R. I.; Seventh and Eighth Grades of St. Patrick's School, Berlin, N. H.; Eighth Grade Girls of Cathedral Grade School, Duluth, Minn.; Frances Christeno, Westerly, R. I.; Grades 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 of St. Clement's, Sheboygan, Wis.; The Minims of Villa Duchesne, St. Louis Co., Mo.; Junior Club, Lawrence, Mass.; Nativity School, Dubuque, Iowa; Grade Seven of Holy Family School, Springfield, Mass.; St. Joseph's School, Shelton, Conn.; Class of '33, St. James School, Haverhill, Mass.

LOST LANTERNS



The three Oriental children shown above have lost their lanterns. Each child had three. Can you draw a line from each lantern to its proper owner without having any of the lines cross? Do not go outside the borders of the picture, or behind any of the children or lanterns that touch the border.

Send your solution with your name, address and age to Father Chin.

Junior Notes

Ellen Foley and Isabel Propstein's Club in Germantown, Penna., now has three members—Catherine Miles, Margaret Magee and Edith Reed. A large spiritual bouquet was a recent contribution for the missions.

Our twenty-three Juniors in Sheboygan, Wis., wrote:

There was great excitement around here the day our pins and cards came. We received our certificate, too, and

have had it framed for our room.

We were so afraid that our mite box would not be strong enough for a trip to New York but with the aid of some of the other rooms, it is gaining in weight every day.

Did you know that each boy in our room has a Maryknoll priest all his own? We have written letters to them and some have received answers. We pray for them every day, too. The girls have Maryknoll Sisters, most of them in Hawaii.

BY BEING A MISSIONER-AT-HOME.

"Belle Lettre" de France



HE was young and inexperienced, and lately—rather inclined to the erimetical life, which in China might mean immunity from the neighbors' squalid, marauding pigs and seclusion from chickens impelled by *wanderer's lust*. There were fowl and pork with every meal—not always as part of the menu of course. Ennui and a recent flood had settled down like a pall on his spirit.

His boy came running along the rice path, waving something in his grimy hand. A small packet post-marked France—Lisieux, France. He read the letter two, three, four times. Apart from its spiritual unction and literary merits, it was the first mail in eight months—and he was very human.

"Let us work together for the salvation of souls! We have but one day of this life in which to save them, and so give Our Lord a proof of our love. Tomorrow will be Eternity—"

Only one day! What a coward he was! He looked down at the hem of his cassock, somewhat abashed. And then he laughed—for the first time in months! The old thing was up to his knees—almost!—shrunk from rice-field wading. He dashed into the hut. The letter was laid carefully on his little table. He stopped gratefully, reverently a moment to glance again at the signature—*Sœur Terese de L'Enfant Jesus*. It was her first letter to her first adopted missionary brother.

Missioners are as human now as they were forty years ago. To know that someone is backing them up—prayerfully, spiritually and—wherever possible—materially and financially—is the cheering boost they need to help them carry on for Christ in fields afar. Will you adopt a missionary?

Our latest contributor (Poog) lost a que seven years ago. Watch Poog take up the writer's cue!



THE LITTLE FLOWER IN CHINESE ART

Let us work together for the salvation of souls! We have but one day of this life in which to save them, and so give Our Lord a proof of our love. Tomorrow will be Eternity

School Notes

SHORTLY before school closed Father W. Cummings, M.M., in San Francisco, sent us an account of school circles which had been formed to help sponsor our missioners. The following schools on the Coast gave our missioners a fine boost:

Dominican College and High School, San Rafael; Notre Dame High, St. John's High and Sacred Heart Academy, San Francisco; St. Joseph's School, Berkeley; Holy Rosary Academy, Woodland; Cathedral School, Sacramento; Notre Dame High, San Jose; Our Lady of Mercy High, Burlingame.

ADOPT A MISSIONER!

Losing Face

By Poog

THE dignified people of Orient Land
Have horrors of *losing face*;
Which idiom means in the Christian tongue
Just putting old pride in his place.

For instance—there's good Mrs.
Lo who would like
To scream when she sees a rat.
Instead she invokes in soothing tones
The aid of her honorable cat.

And rich Mr. Hi with his stove pipe hat
That rakish derby Korean,
Lost face one day when the wind took it off
And landed it on a plebian.

Lose face?—why even the Orient dogs
Are careful not to do that!
They dare not wag their tails with joy
Nor bark at a mangy cat!

Yes, even a Chinese horse resents
A man without a que;
While with a dignified kick he strives
His rider to eschew.

So, if you go to Orient Land
Be careful—know your place!
Be wary whom you slap on the back
For greeting—you might *lose face*!

Quarterly

Bulletin Board Service



October—China
December—Oriental Christian Art
February—Japan
April—Native Clergy

This mission material will be sent on request in addition to the weekly Mission Notes and Letters.

Address:
Mission Education Dept.
Maryknoll, N. Y.

MANY of Maryknoll's Circle friends were busy even during the vacation months. The *Bernadette of Lourdes Circle*, of Minneapolis, sent gifts for the support of their native catechist, for the native Sisters' fund, and for Mass intentions. A member of this Circle recently died. We ask prayers of all our Circles for the repose of her soul.

From Los Angeles came a check covering four months' support of a native seminarian at the Little Flower Seminary in Kongmoon, South China, who is sponsored by *Our Lady Queen of Purgatory Circle*.

Stringless gifts were received from the *Venard Club*, of Brooklyn, and the *St. Patrick's Circle*, of Westfield, Mass.

An addition to St. Anne's Burse was made by the *St. Ann Circles*, of Brighton, Mass.

In the early summer the *Chi Rho Circle*, of Des Moines, held a successful card party. At the party various articles made in the Maryknoll Sisters' Industrial Schools by Oriental women and girls were displayed for sale, and aroused considerable interest. Industrial Schools serve a double purpose: pagan women come into contact with Catholic Sisters; and the mission financial problem is lessened.

The members of this Des Moines Circle also remembered the catechist whom they sponsor.

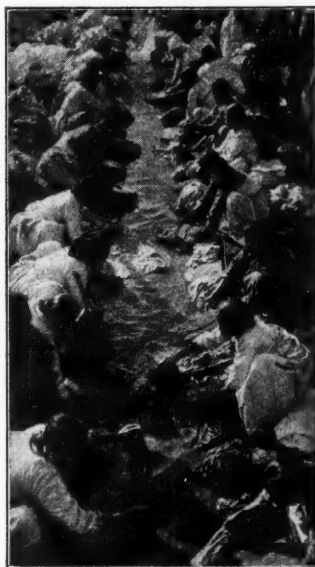
A number of Maryknoll Circles have adopted our *Sponsor Plan*. Some aid our missionaries; others have chosen to help our seminarians in the homeland, native seminarians, catechists, or native Sisters.

One of our newest sponsor groups, *Our Blessed Lady Circle* of Milwaukee, recently sent a six months' contribution towards the support of a missionary. The *St. Joseph's Circle*, in Milwaukee, is another sponsor-a-missioner group. Both these Circles have been organized only a short time, but are proving to be real mission workers.

The members of the *Little Flower Circle*, also of Milwaukee, besides their usual help to a missionary in Kaying,



South China, held successful card parties during the past season, and did much to spread their own mission zeal.



WHERE KOREAN CIRCLES THRASH IT OUT

Good housewives of the "Land of the Morning Calm" wash the white garments of their spouses by beating them against stones. But it is not clothes alone which are dealt with at these brookside Circles; more domestic and village problems are thrashed out there than at the most flourishing "kaffeeklatsch"

IF any Circle desires to meet the expense, for one year, of training a young apostle, the gift of two hundred and fifty dollars will meet this purpose, and the student selected will gladly remember the spiritual needs of his benefactors.

They also aided the Maryknoll Sisters by selling goods from the Mission Industrial Schools.

From the *Tabernacle Society*, of Cincinnati, a box of linens and vestments destined for Fushun, Manchuria, came to us in answer to an appeal from Monsignor Lane, Maryknoll's Prefect Apostolic in its Manchurian mission field.

Altar supplies, especially amices, were also received from *St. Therese Circle*, of Concord, N. H.; and it did not take us long to put these very necessary articles in the trunks of our outgoing priest missionaries. May these devoted Circle friends be long remembered in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

One of our missionaries in Korea is indebted for constant and generous aid to a group of zealous mission workers in St. Paul, banded together under the patronage of *The Little Flower*; and these friends are also active propagandists for the spread of *THE FIELD AFAR*, realizing that every new subscriber to our mission magazine strengthens the work of Maryknoll.

Hearts of Gold

PLEASE renew for five years my subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*. Our priests in China need our assistance now more than ever before.—*Somerville, Mass.*

Owing to hard times we were forced to allow the subscription to run out. However, God has seen fit to help us financially, so at once we must have the other member of our family return—*THE FIELD AFAR*.—*Roslindale, Mass.*

THE FIELD AFAR is the happiest publication I have ever read, and I never miss a single word.—*Mt. Kisco, N. Y.*

We are so glad to have the Perpetual Membership certificate. It gives a feeling of comfort and security to see our names inscribed on it, and to know that we are being remembered in the Masses and prayers of your good Community.—*San Jose, Calif.*

THE MARYKNOLL ANNUITY PLAN INTERESTS MANY.

The Count



This dignified little Japanese accountant does not appear over-interested in his task. We have known the Maryknoll Treasurer to grow similarly pensive as the bills pile up. But let somebody breathe the magic words "Stringless Gift"! It would touch our kind readers' hearts to see the good man push his specs up to eyes no longer marred by that vacant stare

IN lean depression years, as well as in more prosperous times, *Wills* have proved real life-savers of this work for God and souls.

Occasionally we never get a dollar, when we are credited with receiving thousands. But this is because wills are sometimes drawn imperfectly; or we are mentioned only in the residue, and there turns out to be no residue; or there is a contest and the will is broken, or if not broken the costs eat up the bequest.

Generally speaking, however, *Wills* have been a strong encouragement, and have provided Maryknoll in generous measure each year. May God reward those who have so remembered this His work!

Since our last issue went to press legacies have been received from six *Wills*, and we have been notified of remembrances of our work in seven others.

Stringless Gifts, more than ever welcome in these times when needs so far outnumber the wherewithal to meet

them, came recently from friends in New York City; Cleveland, O.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Merwood, Pa.; and Dorchester, Mass.

Notable additions to *Maryknoll Burses* were made by benefactors in Eureka, Calif., and Rochester, N. Y. The latest addition completed the *Catherine M. Cuff Memorial Burse*, sending it "over the top".

Maryknoll Annuities were secured by investors in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brookline, Mass.; and Los Angeles, Calif.

From one who recently joined the ranks of our annuitants comes the following letter: *I am so glad to think that I was lucky enough to withdraw the sum of money from the bank before the closing of the same, for which I was totally unprepared. And I now have the satisfaction of knowing where the money is and that it is safely invested.*

Aid in the support of our *Missioners* was given by apostolic partners in Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; and St. Louis, Mo.; while a reverend benefactor in Philadelphia, Pa., sponsored a *Maryknoll Student* by providing for a year's board and tuition.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Blessed Virgin Mary—

By the Rev. V. H. Krull, C.P.P.S., Ottawa, Ohio. Price \$1.00.

Der Frage-Kasten—

By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. Published by the Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th Street, New York City. Price \$1.50; paper covers, seventy-five cents.

Godparents at Baptism—

Published by the Mission Almanac, 110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y. Price five cents.

Weeping Cross—

By Henry Longan Stuart. This story of the sufferings and spiritual struggles of a Catholic gentleman who was

TEN dollars will supply one of our missioners with Mass wine for a year. Will you provide for the Holy Sacrifice in a pagan land?

sold as a bond servant among the Puritans of seventeenth century New England is a Catholic "Scarlet Letter". Published by Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, 152 West 13th Street, New York City. Price \$2.00.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 3; S. M. V. and Relatives; Relatives of Mrs. M. W. H.; Mrs. C. E. W. and Relatives; M. A. L.; M. E. B.; S. A. L. and Relatives; Relatives of E. P. M.; Relatives of Mrs. M. J. M.; E. T. McG. and Relatives; Relatives of E. W.; S. C.; Mrs. R. F. and Relatives; O. B.; M. L. B.; R. S.; L. C. B. and Relatives; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McC.; A. F. M. and Relatives; M. J.; M. A. S.; M. O'N.; W. J. K. and Relatives; C. R.; V. and O. S. and Relatives; Relatives of M. C.; W. J. J. and Relatives; M. J. and Relatives; M. M. P.; J. T.; A. H. C.; R. F. C.; M. L. E.; Relatives of Mrs. G. K.; M. G. C. and Relatives.

Deceased: James Halloran; Margaret L. Barry; Hannah Baldwin; James P. Irish; Mary Meade; Relatives of Mrs. M. A. C.; Frank and George Grimes; Lawrence Meagher; James J. and Kate McNamara; James J. and Anna F. Horrigan; William C. Murray; William Culhane; Rev. Mother Mary de Loyola, S.H.C.J.; Margaret Hogan; Maurice Lynch; Edward Nanry; Bernard J. Byrnes; Peter and Mary Loughran.

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

ST. ANNE BURSE.....	4,708.83
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 1	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,063.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse, No. 2..	4,000.00
Curé of Ars Burse, No. 1.....	3,947.05
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,688.59
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Pius X Burse.....	2,854.30
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,761.85
Markham Family Burse.....	2,750.00

FLAME BEGETS FLAME, AND FAITH

Marywood College Burse.....	2,717.00
St. Michael Burse.....	2,508.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse....	2,261.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,251.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,909.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,902.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,735.06
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,480.28
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,079.11
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	941.65
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....	850.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Laurence Burse.....	673.25
Children of Mary Burse.....	654.70
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	647.20
St. Bridget Burse.....	610.70
Holy Family Burse.....	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Holy Nine Burse.....	473.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	430.00
St. Jude Burse.....	388.25
St. John B. de la Salle Burse....	291.00
All Saints Burse.....	260.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse..	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

**FOR OUR PREPARATORY
COLLEGES
(\$5,000 each)**

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served)	4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	1,444.95
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Me- morial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse...	1,000.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	800.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	689.10
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse..	161.30
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

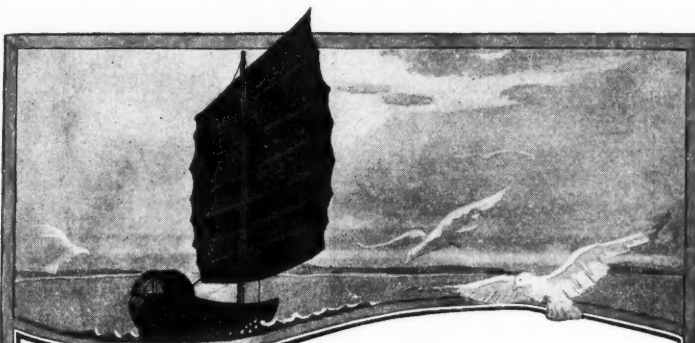
†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE...	1,325.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,315.50
Little Flower Burse.....	1,260.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	1,076.50
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse	500.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	254.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F.W. Burse	200.00

**I a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.**



OUTGOING MARYKNOLLERS BID YOU ADIEU

AS we write fifteen new Maryknoll apostles are approaching the scenes of their future labors in China, Korea, and Japan. But it is not enough to train, and send out. It is useless to send out a young apostle, if we cannot keep him out.

To support him on the missions will take a dollar a day.

This is a considerable sum in the course of a month, a year; but what a worth while sacrifice for Christ, our King, and what a genuine privilege to rank as a sponsor of a soldier of Christ in these difficult, but so fertile, fields!

Send the sponsor offering for your Maryknoll apostle to the

**MOST REV. SUPERIOR GENERAL
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.**

LIGHTS CANDLES OVER THE EARTH.

BETHANY HOUSE

Conducted for Women by
the Maryknoll Sisters



A sunny nook at Bethany

*Delightfully situated among
the beautiful Westchester
Hills.*

*Attractive within and with-
out. Homelike atmosphere —
excellent table—every con-
venience. Nursing care if re-
quired.*

Chapel—Daily Mass.

Address: SISTER DIRECTRESS,
BETHANY HOUSE,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

FURTHERING THE CAUSE

THE Maryknoll Annuity
enables Catholics of
moderate means, but of
world-wide hearts, to co-
operate in the extension
of God's reign.

Write now for further
details.

Address: *The Field Afar Office*
Maryknoll, N. Y.



VESTMENTS and Cassocks made
under the direction of Mary-
knoll Sisters in Hong Kong
have already gained a reputa-
tion. The light weight vest-
ments are noted as distinctive
and artistic. The cassocks,
usually of light weight Chinese

silk, while folding into a small space, are ample and fit nicely.

The Sisters are constantly developing this work, and have succeeded in producing garments suitable for prelates, priests, seminarians, and altar boys—at prices that will fit even the slender purse. Saint Joseph is the patron of their workroom, where they manage to employ fifty very poor Chinese girls.

Catalogs may be obtained from and orders may be addressed to:

The Mission Industrial Department
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Priestly Co-operation

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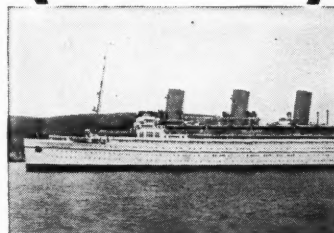
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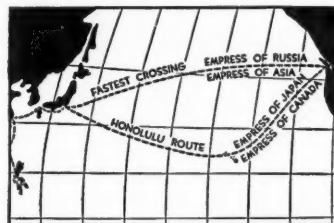


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